

OVERCOMING
HANDICAPS

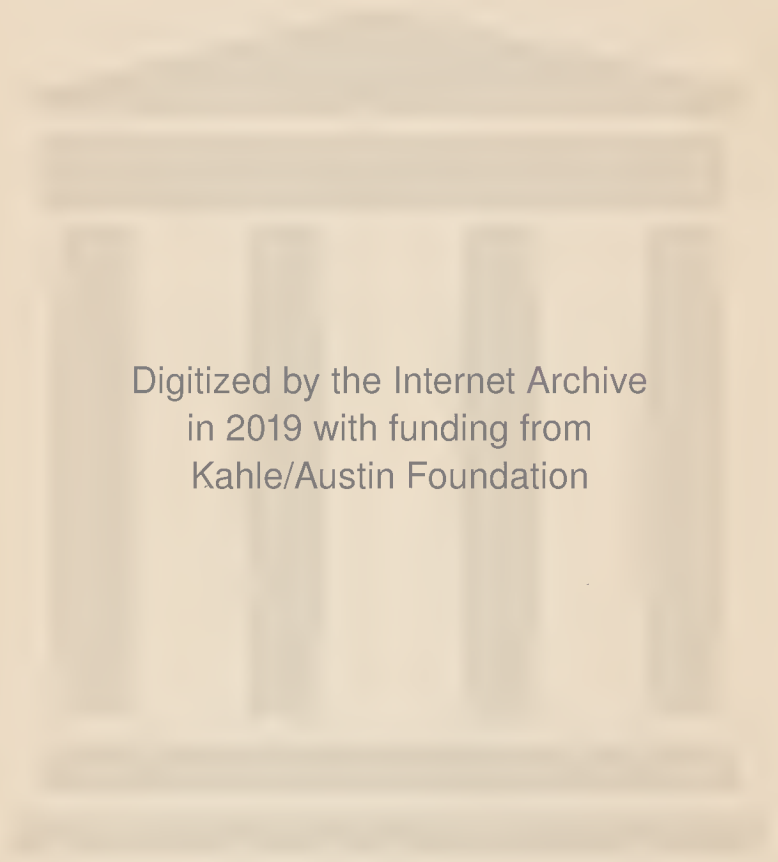
ARCHER WALLACE

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OVERCOMING HANDICAPS



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OVERCOMING HANDICAPS

BY

ARCHER WALLACE

Author of

"STORIES OF GRIT," "CANADIAN HEROES OF MISSION
FIELDS OVERSEAS"

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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Secretary of the Board of Religious Education of the United
Church of Canada

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OVERCOMING HANDICAPS

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INTRODUCTION

DID you ever feel utterly discouraged over your failure to master some subject at school? Or have you lost nearly all of your interest in school studies because some of your fellow-students could outstrip you in spite of your best efforts? Well, those circumstances may be discouraging, all right, but would it not be still worse if you had no chance to go to school at all, or if you had to work hard all day with your hands, and then snatch such education as you could get by attending classes for a couple of hours each evening? That is the way some boys had to do, and yet they got an education, and a good one, so that they became great and successful men. Read the stories of some of them in this book, and see how great were the handicaps they overcame.

What do you suppose it would be like to leave home, and find yourself all alone in a great city where you had never been before? Worse still, suppose you were surrounded by a gang of lads about your own age or older,

who seemed bent on making your life as miserable as possible. To complete the story of difficulties, imagine yourself entirely ignorant of the language spoken in that city. What would you do? If you had the right kind of stuff in you, you might get along as well as did some of the young fellows in the stories in this book. Remember, these stories tell of real people, who actually did face difficulties, so you may rest assured that what they did, you could do too.

You will be surprised to find out how much like yourselves these men were. Some of them were poor, some were without friends, some had no education, some were weak lads physically, some had hot tempers—in short, they were very much like most of us. How did such ordinary boys become great men? Why, it is to answer that question that this book was written. The author has given us a living picture of each of them in such interesting fashion that we become acquainted with the boy, we watch him grow up, and we see how he won his success.

And now you don't want to wait another minute. Let's read the book.

FRANK LANGFORD.

The biographical sketches which make up this book were originally used in *The King's Own*, a Canadian paper for boys. The author thanks the publishers for permission to use the stories in book form.

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CHAPTER I

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE WITH THE GIANT MIND

ON April 9, 1865, Charles Steinmetz was born at Breslau in Germany. He was a cripple from his birth. Both his father and grandfather had suffered from spinal trouble, but in Charles the affliction was more noticeable and all his life, though he had a very wise head, he had an undersized, misshapen body. He was so short in stature that he looked much like a dwarf and while his shoulders were thrown up, the head was set so as to give him the appearance of a hunchback.

His mother died when Charles was just one year old and his grandmother came to take care of him. She would have loved her grandchild in any case, but his affliction made him especially dear to her, and she cared for him so that all through life he loved her dearly and after her death he cherished her memory.

Breslau is a large railway centre and Charles' father worked in the government railway service there. He was a comparatively poor man but keenly interested in science. He was determined that, as far as was possible, Charles should have a thorough education. Charles himself was a studious boy, and eager to take advantage of every opportunity to learn. He was not able to play games and enjoy an active life as other boys did but he did enjoy life and the subjects he studied greatly interested him, and severely crippled though he was he made up his mind that he would devote himself to science. He said that he hoped to make discoveries that would help other people.

As soon as he was old enough, Charles began to study at the university. He was most interested in mathematics, chemistry and electricity and he made considerable progress in these subjects. He was just about to receive his degree when his political views made it necessary for him to leave Germany and go to Switzerland, where several of his friends, holding similar views, had gone before him. The proud, overbearing, arrogant views of many German leaders of that time were not to his liking and he had shown decided radical

tendencies which brought him under suspicion of the German government.

He arrived in Switzerland in June, 1888, with very little money. It took exactly half of all he had to pay the first month's rent for his room, but he possessed great courage and immediately resumed his studies in chemistry and physics, while he wrote articles for local papers and magazines and so earned enough to pay his way. By dint of hard work he managed to earn fourteen dollars a month and although this was not very much, his wants were few, and he did not suffer hardship nor get into debt.

While he was in Switzerland he met a young Dane named Oscar Asmussen. This man had once lived in San Francisco and intended returning. He urged Charles Steinmetz to go with him but Charles was almost penniless and the thing seemed impossible. Oscar Asmussen had just enough money to pay for two steerage passages and a few dollars over and in June, 1889, the two set out for America.

Charles Steinmetz, at that time, could not speak a word of English and the days on board ship were chiefly devoted to learning English, although one can easily understand that the crowded, uncomfortable quarters of the steer-

age would make such a task difficult. When at last the ship reached New York something happened which nearly resulted in Charles Steinmetz' being deported back to Switzerland. The ship arrived on a Saturday night and passengers had to wait till Monday before being examined. Charles slept near an open porthole and caught a severe cold which caused his face to swell. When he appeared before the authorities for examination on Monday morning he was indeed a sorry-looking spectacle. He was dwarfed and misshapen in body; his eyesight was very defective, his face terribly swollen, and his clothes decidedly shabby. Furthermore he could scarcely speak a word of English. Had it not been for the earnest entreaties of Oscar Asmussen he would most surely have been refused admission to America. He was admitted, however, for in those days the government authorities were not as strict as they are now.

Charles Steinmetz certainly did not look a very promising immigrant and during his first few weeks he met with much that would have discouraged a less determined man. He had letters of introduction to two electrical engineers in America. The first man read his letter and turned him down flat. "There is

a perfect epidemic of foreign electrical engineers; we cannot do a thing for you," he said. The other man to whom Charles Steinmetz went, read the letter and promised to send for him in a few days. He did not send, and Charles who was penniless, went to see him at the end of a week and found that the man had forgotten all about him. However, when reminded of his promise, he gave Charles a position at twelve dollars a week. It was not the kind of work that he wanted but he was glad to get a footing of any kind and he worked hard at it. One day his employer stained his hands with dye; his chemists were not able to remove the stains, and he was agitated and annoyed. Charles Steinmetz suggested an acid solution which was tried, and instantly removed the stains. As a reward for this he was set to work in the laboratory of the factory, at tasks more suited to his liking and which gave him a chance to show his skill.

He soon showed amazing ability and in two papers he read before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers he established a position as a leading authority on the subject. Soon after this the American General Electric Company was formed and Charles Steinmetz

was offered the position of chief consulting engineer at a large salary. He accepted the position under somewhat peculiar conditions. He did not want a large salary, but he did wish to be quite free to carry out whatever experiments he desired and requested that the company should permit him to draw on them for whatever money he needed. This they were quite willing to do. At Schenectady, a very fine laboratory was fitted up for him and there he began his experiments in electrical engineering in which he was so keenly interested. For many years he toiled on without attracting a great deal of attention. He was a hard worker and forgot himself in his work. The General Electric Company knew that in him they had one of the greatest experts living, but for a long time he was not widely known. Then, from time to time, authoritative articles on electricity and chemistry began to appear in the leading magazines signed "Charles Steinmetz," and they were recognised as being of a very high order. Then it gradually became known that a really great mind was at work in the laboratory at Schenectady, and his position as an authority was established.

All this time he worked hard, ever seeking

to perfect electrical appliances already in use and to make discoveries that would benefit humanity. His laboratory was one of the best equipped in the world and when Thomas A. Edison visited it, he expressed his admiration and astonishment at what he saw there. A warm friendship had sprung up between Steinmetz and Edison and they recognised each other, not as rivals, but as co-workers in the same field.

When spoken to about his hard work, Charles Steinmetz refused to take any credit. He insisted that he loved his work so intensely that he never became fatigued. "There is no more credit due me for sticking to my work," he said, "than there is to a child who plays. I love my work. It is my chief joy and I could not easily take a holiday from it if I had to." He never had any faith in the lasting value of work done for the sake of the wages. He believed that work should be done for work's sake. Only men and women who love their work, he believed, would ever make a success of it, and benefit others. In this connection it is interesting to note that when he died in November, 1923, he left behind him practically nothing except an insurance policy for \$1,500 and an old automobile. He had no

one depending upon him and to heap up money was the last thing in the world he wanted to do.

For some time before his death he was working hard to invent devices which would offset the destructive effects of lightning. In order to do this he studied closely how lightning is formed. He succeeded in producing artificial lightning with the energy of one million horse-power—an achievement which created a sensation among experts in the electrical world.

He had unbounded faith in the future of electricity. He was one of the first to predict that electricity would eventually do away with steam locomotives and thus enormously cut down the consumption of coal. He made many other predictions which at the time seemed impossible, but which appear much more reasonable now. He was quick to see that electricity was destined to become more and more useful and a greater boon to the human race.

Many great distinctions came to Charles Steinmetz. He was made a Professor of Electrical Engineering at Union University. Both Harvard University and Union University conferred degrees upon him in recognition of

his valuable work. No doubt he was glad to receive such honours but he remained very unassuming. His chief delight was in his work and often he appeared at important functions wearing a soft collar and a shabby tweed suit. Charles Steinmetz lived a few months less than sixty years but into those years he put his very best work. When he was buried many of the most notable people on the American continent hastened to pay their tribute to his worth. One writer said: "This deformed hunchback had the mind of an angel and the soul of a seer." When one thinks of these things there arises before the mind a picture of that penniless, deformed youth, humbly seeking admission to America in 1889. He was a sorry-looking object then—and indeed as far as his body was concerned—remained so throughout life. But though he was dwarfed in body, Charles Steinmetz was a giant in mind and in spirit.

CHAPTER II

THE AMAZING STORY OF ARTHUR KAVANAGH

EARLY in 1831 a little lad was born in County Carlow, Ireland, under most unfortunate circumstances. He had only the rudiments of arms and legs; mere stumps instead of proper limbs. It would be safe to say that few boys have ever had to face life at any time or in any country with such terrible handicaps as had Arthur McMurrough Kavanagh. Fortunately, his parents were in comfortable circumstances and they did all they could to help him, but nothing came of it. Great surgeons and doctors tried to help, but each operation only resulted in causing the boy great pain and bitter disappointment.

In spite of predictions that he could not live, Arthur Kavanagh thrived and the muscles of what arms and legs he had grew so strong with constant use that he learned to ride a horse, holding it with a strong rein and even using a whip. He became a first-class rider, and although he was strapped into a

saddle-chair, he learned to ride at a fast pace and to take fences as well as the best riders in the countryside. Furthermore, he became an expert angler; learned to write letters more legibly than most people who have fingers, and even painted pictures.

Of course he was not able to attend an ordinary school, and a clergyman, Rev. David Wood, became his tutor. Under this tuition Arthur Kavanagh made such progress that when he went abroad he was generally the member of the party who acted as interpreter for others of the party who found themselves unable to speak the language of the country through which they were passing.

His skill in shooting amazed everyone. Seated in the saddle-chair on his horse, he would rest his gun on the stump which served as a left arm and pull the trigger with an attachment made to his right arm. So expert did he become that generally he could shoot birds on the wing while his horse trotted along at a good pace.

While still in his teens he travelled in the East with his tutor and his brother. He visited Egypt and Palestine, and rode hundreds of miles strapped in his saddle-chair on the back of an Arab steed. Wherever he went

a good deal of curiosity was excited. The sight of this young man, without arms or legs, but who could ride so well and whose intelligence was of such a high order, excited wonder and admiration. On several occasions the party was attacked by robbers and Arthur Kavanagh's coolness and courage was responsible for getting them out of more than one tight corner. On one occasion the girth of his saddle gave way and he and his saddle-chair were dashed to the ground. He was picked up unconscious, but fortunately was not injured, and the following day was riding again.

With his brother he travelled to India by way of Russia and Persia. In 1849, while on this journey, he fell dangerously ill and for some time lodged in the home of a Persian prince, who showed him great kindness. After his recovery the party crossed Lake Urumiah and rode through an extremely difficult country and in the face of blinding sleet and snow to Mosul. He visited Nineveh, voyaged by raft down the River Tigris to Bagdad, and then rode by a perilous pass to Shiraz. The dangers and hardships of this journey almost broke his strong nerve, but he kept on. He became dizzy with fever, and one day as he rode he saw the mule in front of him

stumble and fall headlong over a precipice. Only his strong nerve saved him from a like fate, but he managed to pull up his mule on the edge of the chasm.

Arthur Kavanagh was extremely fond of animals and especially of horses. He depended so much upon them for getting around that he talked to them as to friends. Once, while in the East, he had a fine Arab steed to which he became deeply attached. Often while travelling in the desert beneath the hot sun he would find shelter between his horse's legs while he ate or rested, and the animal would never move for fear of injuring his crippled master. When the time came for him to say good-bye to this faithful horse at Cairo, Kavanagh shed many bitter tears.

While in India in 1851 he had the experience of tiger hunting and astonished even old hunters by his cool nerve. One day, while separated from other members of the hunting party, he came face to face with a tiger which got within ten paces of him, but his years of practice stood him in good stead and, carefully placing the gun on the stump of his left arm, he brought the animal down.

While he was in India his brother left for Australia and died while on the voyage. For

a time Arthur Kavanagh found himself in financial difficulties and maintained himself by carrying despatches in the Aurangabad District of India. In 1853 his brother, Charles, died, and he succeeded to the family estates in Ireland, to which country he returned at once.

Several years before this Arthur Kavanagh had made a vow that if ever he became a landlord he would conduct his affairs in such a way that his tenants would honour and love him. At that time it seemed most unlikely that he ever would succeed to the family estates, but the unexpected death of his brothers gave him the chance to fulfil his vow, and he did so nobly.

He practically rebuilt the two villages of Borris and Ballygragget, which were on his estate. The plans—which won the Royal Dublin Society's medal—were all drawn by himself. He arranged that even the poorest people should have comforts such as they had never dreamed of before. He gave instructions that there was to be no harshness or severity in cases where people were unable to pay rents. He loved the people and he wished them to love and trust him.

Considering the terrible physical handicaps he had to face, his unfailing cheerfulness was

one of the most amazing things about him. He might easily have become sour and disgruntled. But he was never heard to complain. Wherever he went he wrote letters of great interest describing the places he saw and the people he met. These letters always bubbled over with fun and good nature. When he had completed his thirtieth year he wrote a long letter in which he reviewed his life. The letter was remarkable for the constant references to the goodness of God and for the evidence of his great gratitude to God for all His blessings. This letter is considered by many to be one of the most remarkable letters in all literature.

He greatly enjoyed company and looked eagerly forward to the visits of friends. He had to be carried around the house on the back of a strong servant, but sometimes, if he wished to cross a room and the servant were not present, he would cross the room by a series of springs and jumps, meanwhile keeping an upright position.

He was appointed justice of the peace and sheriff of Kilkenny County, and, some time later, chairman of the Board of Guardians. For many years he sat under an oak tree in the courtyard of Borris House and acted as

advisor and general counsellor to the people. The simple folk of the countryside had great faith in his sound judgement and everyone knew how anxious to help he was. He made up quarrels and even arranged marriages. In the winter time he distributed help and blankets to the poor and made sure that no unfortunate people were overlooked.

In 1866 he was elected to the British Parliament and represented the people there until 1880. Naturally, a man without arms and legs was a most unusual sight among such an assembly, and he received great consideration. He was a man of strong opinions and he was not afraid to express them. He took a very active interest in everything which went on and made several important speeches. The great William E. Gladstone said that he always listened to Mr. Kavanagh with the utmost respect and appreciation.

Arthur Kavanagh died at Chelsea, London, in 1889, worn out by overwork and anxiety. His passing was mourned by all who had known him personally and by a vast number who knew of him by repute. It is no wonder that a leading magazine of that time referred to him as, "One of the most extraordinary men that ever lived."

CHAPTER III

THE DELICATE BOY WHO BECAME ENGLAND'S GREATEST SCULPTOR

IN the middle of the eighteenth century there was a little shop in the heart of London, England, where the owner sold antique plaster casts of famous people. Most of these casts were of persons written of in classic history such as Niobe, Venus, Hercules, Ajax and Achilles, but others were of more recent times as Lord Howe, Admiral Hawke and George II who was reigning at that time.

Visitors to this place saw at the back of the shop a delicate little lad, with a pale face, generally seated in a chair stuffed with cushions and propped by pillows. Never far from him was his mother, the shopkeeper's wife, whose greatest care in life seemed to be her sick boy who looked as though he would never grow up to become a man.

Little John Flaxman—for that was the boy's name—came into the world with so frail a body that few people thought he could live

very long. For the first ten years of his life only the constant care of his father and mother kept him alive. He attended school for a very short time. His health made it impossible for him to take his place alongside other boys, and as to romping around and playing with them, of course it was out of the question. He hobbled around on crutches and often as he lay at home supported by pillows he could hear the shouts of other boys at play.

The plaster casts around his father's shop never failed to interest John Flaxman. He asked a great many questions about each one, and questions which his parents could not always answer. He was anxious to get an education and as he was unable to attend school he depended largely upon the help his parents could give him.

One day a clergyman named Matthews visited the shop in order to get a little model repaired which his servant had broken. While Mr. Flaxman, senior, was repairing the figure, the clergyman noticed little John reading and when he saw that the book was a Latin grammar he became interested at once. The pale, delicate face of the boy greatly attracted Mr. Matthews and he promised to return the following day with a book of Homer

so that the boy could learn about the classic heroes, concerning whom the lad asked so many times. The clergyman was as good as his word and next day put into John's hands a volume of Homer, which so fascinated John Flaxman, that soon he covered whole sheets of paper with sketches of scenes from Homer's works. He spent a great many hours trying to mould figures, using plaster of paris, soft clay or wax. As he was only eight or nine years of age, his models were quite crude, but he laboured away and as he seemed so supremely happy in doing it, his parents gently praised his work.

After he passed his tenth birthday he began to grow stronger. He became well enough to go out without his crutches, and while he was far from being as robust as other lads of his age, he was able to take walks in the park and soon some colour of health stole into his cheeks.

One day Rev. Mr. Matthews invited John over to his home so that Mrs. Matthews might tell him more about the heroes of Greece about whom he was so fond of reading. That was the beginning of a new day in John's life. He listened spell-bound as Mrs. Matthews told of the romantic careers of Hercules,

Achilles and many others. He visited the Matthews' home a great many times, and tried hard to make plaster casts of these heroes of ancient times. There came to him a great ambition. He resolved to become a sculptor. At first it seemed ridiculous and almost impossible. He had scarcely been to school a day in his life. His parents were too poor to send him to any art school, but what seemed to be even a greater obstacle than either, was his own health which still prevented him from getting around as other boys did. But the more he thought about it the more determined he became to realise his ambition.

About this time a gentleman asked him to make six drawings and when they were finished he praised John's work and paid him for it. This was the first money that John had ever earned and there was no happier or prouder boy in all England. He began to attend an art academy and when he was fifteen he won a silver medal in the academy contest for a model he had cast. Two years later he tried for the gold medal award, and although it was expected by all that he would win, the prize was awarded to another boy. This was a bitter disappointment to John Flaxman, but in reality it was a good thing for him. He be-

came more determined than ever to put his best into everything he attempted and to take nothing for granted.

About this time the great potter Josiah Wedgwood heard about John Flaxman's skill and visited him. He asked him to make some designs in pottery: tea-cups, saucers, jugs and tea-pots. Wedgwood did not know whether or not John Flaxman would think himself above doing such things but the young sculptor never hesitated a moment. He was glad to do the work, both for the experience he would get, and because of the money he could earn, which he badly needed. Josiah Wedgwood was delighted with Flaxman's work and the two worked together for several years.

One day John Flaxman heard the great artist Sir Joshua Reynolds say, in a lecture, that no man could hope to become a great artist, either as a painter or a sculptor, who did not visit Italy and so study at first hand the great masterpieces that are to be found there. Flaxman left that lecture very much depressed. Just a short time before that he had married and he told his young wife what Sir Joshua Reynolds had said. She was not discouraged in the least. She said: "You earn what you can, and leave the saving to me,

and perhaps before many years are over, we shall have enough to take us both to Italy." So, for five years John Flaxman worked as hard as his health would permit. Even for fine designs he received at first only fifteen shillings each and, later on, one guinea. But his careful wife kept putting away a little whenever she could, and at the end of five years, they had sufficient to take them to Italy.

It was in 1787 that John Flaxman went to Italy and he stayed there seven years, studying, and at the same time working to earn money. What he saw in Italy greatly astonished and delighted him. The marvellous workmanship of Michael Angelo and other great masters thrilled him so that he longed to greatly improve upon his own work. When he returned from Rome in 1794 he soon had more work than he could do. He executed a monument to Lord Mansfield which was placed in Westminster Abbey and when a noted sculptor of that time saw it, he said: "This little man, Flaxman, cuts us all out."

From that time until he died in 1826, John Flaxman easily took the leading place among English sculptors. He had studied carefully the works of other men, but he was constantly carrying out some new ideas of his own.

When he went out for a walk he often saw scenes which gave him ideas and he would return to his study and commence the work of making models of what he had seen. He found his subjects in the parks, the streets, and often even in the nursery, for he dearly loved children. As he walked along the streets he did not look as though he were a great man. He seemed very feeble, and his head appeared to be too large for his body. He hurried along with a peculiar sidelong gait and he gave passers-by the impression that he was more or less deformed. Still, in spite of all this John Flaxman became one of the greatest men of his day. His works may be seen at a great many places in Great Britain and even in India. He helped in the decorations for Buckingham Palace and many of the noblest monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are the works of his hands. Others are to be found in such places as the British Museum, South Kensington Museum and the Flaxman Hall at University College. He was made Professor of Sculpture at the Royal Academy and when he died in 1826 no one disputed what was said of him: "He was the most gifted genius in sculpture that England ever produced."

CHAPTER IV

BRAVE TUSITALA, THE TELLER OF STORIES

IF any number of boys were asked to name their favourite book, "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson, would be sure to be mentioned. Could any one who has read the book ever forget Black Dog, Billy Bones, John Silver, Ben Gunn, or any of the characters which figure in that remarkable story? The author of "Treasure Island" was born in Edinburgh on November 13, 1850. His father and his grandfather had both been lighthouse builders. The stern, rugged coast of Scotland with its many dangerous reefs, make it necessary to have well-built lighthouses to warn the mariners of danger, and so, on many rocks that run out to the sea, the friendly beacons are placed by daring builders, who often erected them at the risk of their lives.

No doubt Robert's father would have been glad had the boy been strong enough to follow the same calling, but Robert was a delicate little fellow who never could have worked

hard like his father. He was an only child and his poor health caused his parents a good deal of anxiety. He was so delicate that he was not able for many years to join other children in their play, although there never was a lad who had a merrier heart. At school he did not do very well, because he was absent so much on account of sickness. He spent a good deal of his time in bed, and developed a great love for stories. First his mother, then the nurse, would read stories to him until their throats were sore, and young Robert would listen to every word and ask for "Just one more story." Out in the street he could hear the voices of his chums as they gleefully shouted in their play, but Robert had to sit in bed, propped up by pillows, a shawl pinned around him, while he listened to stories or played with his toy soldiers.

He was often lonely, for he dearly loved to have other children around, but the best he could do was to press his face against the window-pane and watch them play in the street. Thus it was that he lived in a little world of his own. He thought about fairies and goblins, or he imagined he was a sailor in some far-off seas where pirates abounded and then, in order to pass away the time, he began to

write little stories himself, and read them to his mother, who no doubt laughed heartily at his romantic tales.

One day he was passing a large, empty house and for the sake of adventure he thought he would enter it and imagine himself a daring burglar. He found an open window and crawled through. Then he roamed around the empty house feeling as bold as a lion. Suddenly he heard a noise and all at once his courage fled. Most likely it was a mouse, but all kinds of terrible pictures arose in Robert's mind. He imagined himself arrested, handcuffed and brought before the magistrate. No one came, however, and he plucked up enough courage to get to the window by which he had entered and race home.

From being a delicate child Robert grew up to be a man with very poor health. He suffered a great deal, in fact there was scarcely a day when he was free from pain. He once wrote a letter to a friend in which he made one of his few references to his sufferings. He said: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my day unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it; written in hæmorrhages, written

in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam from weakness and for so long it seems to me I have won my wager. The battle goes on, ill or well is a trifle, so as it goes. I was made for a contest and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle.”

This certainly was not the kind of life that Robert Louis Stevenson’s great love of fun and action made it easy to accept. He longed for health and did everything he could to get it. He loved the woods and the fields, but generally when he would like to be there, he had to remain in bed. Yet, throughout it all, he showed a cheerfulness and a courage which have seldom been equalled. He had an unquenchable love of fun, and although he was often so ill that he could only carry on a conversation in whispers, or by writing with pencil, no one ever visited him who did not realise how wonderfully brave he was. When one learns of his physical condition it seems hardly possible that Stevenson could write these words:

“If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness,
If I have moved among my race

And shown no glorious morning face,
If beams from happy human eyes,
Have moved me not, if morning skies,
Books, and my food and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake."

All during these years of suffering Stevenson wrote books which were, and still are, read by thousands of appreciative people. And these are not the kind of books that people read and forget at once. They are the books that can be read and enjoyed over and over again, and never seem to lose their charm. Besides "Treasure Island," he wrote "Kidnapped," "Travels with a Donkey," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "A Child's Garden of Verse," "The Master of Ballantrae," and a number of others of very high standard. At that time very little was known about Stevenson himself; how surprised his readers would have been had they known that the writer of such fascinating and cheerful books was a chronic invalid. One man who wrote a review of a book by Stevenson, said that the chief defect in the book was that the writer was too optimistic and far too cheerful. "This writer," he said, "has evidently never truly

known what suffering is, or he would not speak so complacently about its endurance." When Stevenson read this criticism he laughed heartily and said it was one of the finest compliments that he had ever received.

Of course he longed for health and occasionally he wrote a few lines which show how great that longing was. Once he wrote: "I have so many things to make life sweet to me, it seems a pity I cannot have that other thing, health. But I believe, for myself at least, whatever is, is best."² Often he made great fun of his sickness as though he was determined to laugh at it and not allow it to get the better of him. He wrote to a friend: "I am about knocked out of time now; a miserable, snuffling, shivering, fever-stricken, nightmare-ridden, knee-jottering shadow and remains of a man." Then he lapsed into the Scotch dialect he had known as a boy: "But we'll no gie ower gist yet a bittie. We've seen waur, and Dod mem! it's my belief that we'll see better. I dinna ken 'at I've muckle mair to say to ye, or, indeed, onything; but gist here's a guid fallowship, guid health, and the wale o' guid fortune to yer bonnie sel'."

Still seeking health, Stevenson went to live on the island of Samoa. There he lived for

several years and it is there that he is buried. It was a strange life for him and his wife at first, but the climate was good for him and no doubt prolonged his life. At first the Samoans did not know what to make of this stranger who came to live among them. They were puzzled and suspicious, but gradually as they came to know him better, they began to love him, until they looked upon him as their friend, whose wisdom they could always trust.

The Samoans were lazy, ignorant, and inclined to steal, but they had also many good qualities and so Stevenson sought to win their confidence and then teach them better ways of doing things. He worked industriously not only at his literary work, but at manual labour as far as his strength permitted. With some help he built three houses, a big barn and a road two miles long. Besides this he cleared a good deal of land and planted quantities of food. In time he had his own banana-patch, lemon trees, pineapples and cocoanuts; and he greatly enjoyed the work. He insisted upon being called a farmer and if things went wrong—as they often did—he laughed merrily and refused to be discouraged.

Stevenson was never so happy as when tell-

ing stories and the Samoans were just as keen listeners as other folks. He quickly mastered the Samoan language and nightly the natives gathered around him as he told tales of adventure and described vividly places he had seen. It was the Samoans who named him "Tusitala," which means, in their language "Teller of Tales." His wife they called "Aolele," or "Beautiful as a flying cloud."

He lived very much as the natives. Most of the time he went barefoot, with scanty clothing because of the heat, so that he became almost as brown as a Samoan. He bathed a great deal, sometimes wading in the water for hours and gathering shells. At other times he wandered over the island through the dense forests of fruit trees, while the tall palm trees waved overhead. In his home he followed a rigid programme. He rose early in the morning, generally early enough to see the sun rise. He did as much work during the day as his feeble health allowed. In the evening he had prayers with his family and the Samoan members of his household at eight o'clock, following which he retired and slept on a chest covered with native mats and blankets.

On one occasion war broke out between two chiefs. Stevenson was unable to prevent the

feud, but he did his utmost to help the sufferers. The Samoans showed their confidence in him at this time by bringing a bag full of coins, which they had saved to buy roofing for their church, and asking him to keep them until the war was over. While the war was on Stevenson visited the prisoners, did his utmost to secure for them medical aid, and helped them over the dull monotony of convalescence by telling them fascinating stories. The gratitude of the Samoans was very great. They were not naturally an industrious people, which was due no doubt in part to the warm climate; however, they decided to build a private road to Stevenson's home, and to kept it in constant repair. They called it, "The road of Loving Hearts," and the inscription which the chiefs drew up read as follows: "Considering the great love of Tusitala in his loving care of us in our distress in the prison, we have therefore prepared a splendid gift. It shall never be muddy, it shall endure for ever, this road that we have dug."

During these years at Samoa, while he was fighting so bravely for health, Stevenson worked hard at his writing. He was careful to an extraordinary degree. He weighed and considered, not only every idea he wrote out,

but every word he used. He would go over his writing again and again, making slight corrections which to some authors would not have seemed very important, but which to him mattered a great deal. The result of all this care is seen in his books. There is not a faulty sentence or a word out of place. There are few books in the English language more carefully written than those of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The amazing courage and cheerfulness of Stevenson will never be forgotten. He seemed to laugh at difficulties. There was a time when he was living in San Francisco when he was so reduced in circumstances that he lived in a cheap boarding-house, paying one dollar and fifty cents a week for his room, and so hard-up that his main meal each day consisted of a bowl of soup, yet notwithstanding all this, he kept on writing brave and cheerful essays and stories. We may be sure that those who read and so greatly enjoyed them had little idea what troubles the man had who wrote them.

One day, early in December, 1894, Stevenson was taken ill very suddenly in his Samoan home. Doctors were summoned, but in spite of all they could do he passed away. A num-

ber of his devoted Samoans were in the room when he died. As soon as the sad news of his death was known on the island the natives brought gifts and soon the house was more than filled with beautiful flowers. He had asked to be buried on the summit of Vaea Mountain, and as there was no path, the natives got busy with their knives and axes and cut a path up the steep mountain-side. There he was buried, and on his tomb was inscribed the beautiful "Requiem" which he had written:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.' "

CHAPTER V

THE COMPOSER WHO COULD NOT HEAR HIS OWN MUSIC

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, who became one of the greatest—if not the greatest—of all musical composers, was born at Bonn, Prussia, in 1770. His childhood was not by any means a happy one. His father, who was a musician, earned only a very small salary wherewith to support his family of seven children, and besides he was a man whose drunken habits reduced the family income still further. Often the three boys, Carl, Ludwig, and Johann Beethoven, had to stop their play and assist their staggering father into the house. The Beethovens had to sell their linen and much of their furniture and tableware. Frau van Beethoven grew paler and paler and then it was that Ludwig's musical ability was discovered.

He was only four when he began to study music and by the time he was nine he had mastered all that his father could teach him. At

the age of seven he gave a series of concerts in Cologne. Very soon he began to compose music. When only ten he went on a tour to Holland with his mother, and a year later he was appointed deputy organist in the Elector's Chapel. While he was still very young he went to play before the great Mozart. Mozart was very busy and did not want to be bothered. He took very little notice of young Beethoven, which disappointed the lad; but the boy sat down at the piano and began to play in such a manner that the great musician said to his friends, "This youth will some day make a noise in the world."

While he was still in his teens the boy's mother died, and as his father was a worthless character, the lad felt very lonely. Some years later he went to Vienna to continue his musical education, and at once his great genius was recognised. With his wonderful playing, and still more with his compositions, he astonished and delighted the music-loving people there.

Then it was that a very serious thing happened to Beethoven—he began to lose his hearing. For awhile he would not admit it, even to himself. That he, who was so passionately fond of music; to whom it seemed the

sweetest thing in life, should cease to hear, seemed too cruel to be true. It was just the same as if some great artist were suddenly to lose his eyesight and never again see the beauty of colors. He consulted one doctor after another, in frantic efforts to find a remedy. It was of no avail. His deafness increased so quickly that while still a comparatively young man he was nearly totally deaf.

As he realised what was happening Beethoven became unutterably miserable. He realised that resignation to his fate was the only thing left for him. In utter misery he exclaimed, "Resignation! what a miserable refuge, and yet it is the only one left for me." He even thought of taking his own life. "If I had not read," he exclaimed, "that man must not of his own free-will end his life, I should have done so long ago." A mechanician named Maelzel made a pair of ear-trumpets for him and at first the composer thought that they would be a great help, but he was bitterly disappointed and he discarded them.

Then it was that Beethoven faced his terrible calamity with an amount of courage that seems amazing. He applied himself with increased enthusiasm to his musical studies and

at times seemed almost to forget his deafness. There is no doubt that his affliction touched his spirit so that there is in nearly all his compositions, a peculiar melancholy strain. He lived much to himself. He had already written, "Poor Beethoven, there is no external happiness for you! You must create your own happiness." When he was only a little over thirty he wrote a letter which shows how extremely crushed he was for a time. He wrote, "My heart and my mind were from childhood prone to the tender feelings of affection. Nay, I was always disposed to perform great actions. I have been attacked by an incurable complaint, made worse by the unskilful treatment of medical men, disappointed from year to year in the hope of relief, and at last obliged to submit to the endurance of an evil the cure of which may last for years, if it is practicable at all. Born with a lively disposition, susceptible to the diversions of society, I was forced at an early age to renounce them, and to pass my life in seclusion."

It was not to be wondered at that Beethoven developed some peculiar habits. He loved the out-of-doors, but if for any reason he could not get out he had ways of creating inspira-

tion. "He would go to the wash-bowl and pour several jugs of water over his hands and wrists and dabble there until his clothing was drenched. Often in his rapture he would pour a great deal more water out than the bowl could hold, and the water would soon be dripping through the ceiling down into the room below." Sometimes when he was composing he would scarcely eat for days at a time, and it was utterly useless for friends to remonstrate with him, because he was like a man living in another world. Once when he was engaged on a great composition a friend called upon him and thus described his visit: "The house was deserted by servants, every comfort was absent. Shut up in a room alone the great man resorted to singing, shouting, stamping, as if in the throes of mental torture. In appearance he was wild, dishevelled, exhausted with long periods of work and abstinence from food of any kind."

He got his greatest inspiration out-of-doors. He would go out in the wettest of weather, then come in dripping with rain, shake the water from his hat and clothes, quite unaware that he was spoiling the carpets, coverings and furniture. He seemed as if he must get alone with Nature and with God, in order to

do his best work. His mind was strangely awakened by the sight of a storm. He seemed supremely happy when the wind bent the pine trees around him and the lightning flashed. He could not hear the sweet singing of the birds, but he loved to watch their flight and he remembered how they sang. He would stay in the solitary woods until his whole being seemed full of strange music, then he would hurry back to his room to put down what he had conceived, while the inspiration was still upon him. As he raced through the streets with his hat gone and his bushy head bowed, not looking at any one, the people who knew his strange moods would laugh and say, "It is just Ludwig Beethoven. Only his body is in this world." At other times he would sit down at the piano and, bending very low over the keys in a frantic effort to catch the sound, he would play on rapturously, not seeming to know who or where he was; meanwhile a crowd would be gathered around the window and at the open doors.

There is no doubt that at times Beethoven was subject to fits of irritability and even to fits of rage. But it must not be forgotten that he was a great sufferer. In addition to being totally deaf, he suffered much from rheuma-

tism, indigestion and finally from dropsy. Sometimes when out walking with a friend he could not help noticing how much his friend could hear and he could not. The singing of birds, the music of the flute, the sound of human voices, and similar joys were lost to him and as he noticed how much they meant to others he would often be overwhelmed with grief. Frequently when in the company of friends he would talk brilliantly for a while, then suddenly lapse into silence, from which none could arouse him.

For a considerable time after he became deaf Beethoven continued to lead the orchestra in his great compositions. He was extremely sensitive and no doubt he often pretended to hear when in reality he could not. He was just as eccentric in leading an orchestra as in private. He would put tremendous physical energy into the task, making himself smaller and smaller to compel softened sounds, then rising and standing on tip-toe with head thrown back when every instrument of the orchestra burst forth. He could not endure frivolity when music was being rendered. Any apparent restlessness or apathy on the part of the audience drove him frantic. On one occasion when he observed some young

people laughing and talking while he played, he stopped immediately and said, "I do not play for such swine."

All during these anxious years, when sickness and poverty dogged his footsteps, Beethoven continued to compose such music as ranked him among the greatest composers that ever lived. He was very anxious about his "Choral Symphony," and urged on by friends he consented to conduct the first performance. His friends could not have realised the full extent of his deafness or they would never have allowed him to be placed in such an unfortunate position. He stood up before the orchestra and energetically waved his baton, but evidently he could not hear the music. At the conclusion of the piece the audience thundered its applause, which Beethoven could not hear, but some one turned him around to face the people, who were wild with enthusiasm, and then it dawned upon the great musician that they were showing tremendous appreciation and he was deeply moved.

Beethoven died in Vienna on March 26, 1827, in his fifty-seventh year. He had undertaken a long journey in winter, and the severe cold and exposure brought on inflammation of the lungs and dropsy.

Beethoven will ever rank, not only as a great musical composer, but as a very brave man. All through his life he was beset by troubles which made him at times very unhappy. His deafness, which made companionship with others almost impossible, was a constant source of mental reflection and misery. Then his health was never good at any time of his life, and coupled with these things was the fact that practically all his life he was in poor financial circumstances. The wonder is, that with so many things to harass him, he continued to produce such music—music that will continue to thrill people as long as the world lasts.

He died during a terrible thunder-storm, and prompted no doubt by the heavy burden he had borne so long, he said with his last breath, "I shall hear in heaven."

CHAPTER VI

THE THRILLING STORY OF AN IMMIGRANT BOY

IN October, 1858, a boy was born in a Serbian village to whom was given the name of Michael Pupin. His parents were poor and could neither read or write, but they understood the value of education and so when little Michael, after his first few weeks at school, complained that he did not like it, and would rather play, his mother told him that she had always felt as if she were blind, for, although she had eyes, she could not read, and was afraid to venture beyond her own little village.

The people of Idvor, where Michael was born, were faithful to the customs of the Serbian race, and during the long winter evenings there were many gatherings at the home of Michael's parents. The older men sat around the warm stove on a bench which was a part of the stove and made of the same material, usually soft brick, plastered over and

whitewashed. The older women were seated on little stools along the wall and they would spin wool, flax or hemp, while the men told stories of Serbian bravery. The young people, and even the middle-aged folk, did not speak unless they were given permission to do so.

Young Michael was much impressed with these gatherings and by what he heard. He remained silent as he sat by his mother's side, for little fellows like him were expected to be seen and not heard. But his boyish mind was very busy and he laughed and wept as the stories were told which deeply stirred his imagination, and he felt that there never could be such brave people as the Serbs.

One of the great seasons of the Serbian year was the celebration of St. Sava. St. Sava was a Serbian Archbishop who lived in the thirteenth century, and the Serbs have ever since honoured his memory. It was the custom to have some boy selected who recited before the village people stories of St. Sava which had been written out for him. One year Michael Pupin was chosen to do this. Although he could not read, his mother knew the St. Sava stories perfectly and she coached the boy. Over and over again, for many a long hour,

she had Michael recite. Every word had to be correctly pronounced, every gesture come in at the right place, and the whole so completely memorised that there would be no hesitation. At last the day came and Michael stood up before the entire population of the village and did his part so well that everyone was impressed. Even the boys and girls, who generally giggled through the ceremony, paid strict attention and soon after the village teacher said to his mother: "Your boy will soon outgrow the village school of Idvor."

Soon after this Michael was sent to a higher school in the town of Panchevo, about fifteen miles from Idvor. Here he studied hard to catch up with the boys and girls whose privileges had been so much greater than his own. He did so well at Panchevo that at the end of the year the congregation of the village church at Idvor gave money to his parents that he might be sent to continue his schooling at Prague. When the day came for him to take the long journey to Prague, his mother had everything ready for him. There were two bags made of beautifully coloured wool, which contained all his belongings; one his clothes and the other his provisions, which consisted of a large loaf of bread and a roast goose. He

had only the suit that he was wearing, but his sisters told him it was stylish and that he looked like a city-bred boy. He had a long yellow overcoat made of sheepskins and a black sheepskin cap. The journey was by boat to Budapest and thence by rail to Prague. Michael had never seen either a steamboat or a railway train before, and he opened his eyes wide with wonder. On the boat he fell in with a group of young students who professed to take great interest in him, but after they had gone he discovered that they had taken his roast goose, and he had to content himself with his loaf of bread.

Once settled in Prague he made good progress at the school, and no doubt would have remained there for several years had not his father died, and the boy was stranded. Some time before this he had heard that America was a land of great opportunity for such lads as he, and he determined to go there. He sold his watch, his books, his clothes, even his yellow sheepskin coat and his black sheepskin cap, in order to raise the passage money. He thought he would not need much clothing in America, for he had seen pictures of almost naked Indians; so he concluded that it must be a warm climate, and very little clothing

would be needed. On the 12th of March, 1874, when only a few months past his fifteenth birthday, he set sail on the *Westphalia* for New York.

The journey across the Atlantic was not a very pleasant one for the young Serbian. The weather was bitterly cold and stormy. He was so thinly clad that he spent the chilly March nights huddled close to the smokestack of the vessel in order to keep warm. He did not have sufficient money to rent a mattress or a blanket for his bunk. It was a severe test for the lonely lad and many a night, as he hugged the smokestack of the vessel and shifted his position to avoid the force of the gale and the sharpness of its icy blasts, his courage almost failed him. The only headgear he had was a Turkish fez and most of the other immigrants thought that he was a Turk and left him severely alone. When, at the end of the fourteen days, land was seen nobody on the ship was happier than he.

When he landed at New York, Michael Pupin had only five cents in his pocket and this he spent on a piece of prune pie. He did not know one word of the English language, nor had he a single friend in America. When he reached Broadway he rubbed his eyes in

amazement and something akin to fear took possession of him. The crowded streets with telegraph wires like so many spider's webs, together with the tremendous noise on every hand, bewildered him and for some moments he stood stock-still. His puzzled expression, together with the odd-looking Turkish fez, must have attracted considerable attention, for suddenly he found himself surrounded by a crowd of boys, big and little, who were jeering and laughing at him. They were news-boys and bootblacks who were anxious to have some fun at his expense. One of the biggest of them knocked his fez off, and Michael promptly punched his nose. Immediately they closed and a wrestling-bout began, with scores of lads shouting in a language not one word of which the young Serbian understood. But Michael had learned to wrestle in his village home and promptly had the big bully on his back. At this, all the boys cheered and Michael thought that this must be the signal for a general attack. A policeman came along and took hold of him rather roughly. However, the boys who had witnessed the fight explained matters to the constable and he was allowed to go and the lads gave him three hearty cheers.

Michael got a job driving mules on a farm in Delaware State. He was very lonely at first. He did not understand what the other-farm-hands said, so there was very little he could do, except attend to his duties and eat his meals in silence. He had to learn the American way of doing things and sometimes he was roundly abused for being such a "greenhorn." A young girl on the farm taught him a good many English words, and as his memory was excellent and his eagerness to learn great, he soon was able to carry on simple conversations.

After a few months he left the farm hoping to find work in Philadelphia. His search for work was fruitless, and he was almost down to his last dollar when a farmer offered him a job in Maryland, which he gladly accepted. At the end of a month he drew his wages and went to New York. Here he found thousands of unemployed, but he secured a job helping some sailors who were painting a ship. At the end of three weeks he had thirty dollars in his pocket, and besides he had learned a considerable amount about painting. He earned five dollars by painting a baker's wagon, and he managed to keep himself going by doing odd jobs with the paint brush. As

winter approached jobs became scarce, and as his room was cold and cheerless, he spent most of his time walking vigorously in order to keep warm. Then a bright idea struck him. Instead of walking around aimlessly he followed the coal carts and when they dropped the coal on the sidewalks—as they did then—he promptly rang the door-bell and offered to transfer the coal to the cellar. Often after putting the coal in its place he would suggest to the owner that the cellar needed painting and would offer to do it. Many a job he secured in this way, and while his living was somewhat precarious he did not starve, and his room-rent was always paid on time.

Not far away from Michael's lodgings was the Cooper Union, with its fine library and evening classes for those who wished to improve their education. He gladly took advantage of this and, no matter how hard he had worked during the day, he was sure to be found eagerly scanning books in the evenings and asking a hundred questions about things which were not clear to him. During these days wherever he went he carried with him a pocket dictionary and turned over its pages dozens of times each day. He attended the church where the great Henry Ward Beecher

was preaching, and made a note of all the words he did not understand. It is not to be wondered at that not only did he become well able to carry on conversations in English, but that soon he had a much better knowledge of that language than most boys born in America.

A permanent job in a biscuit factory gave him a chance to save some money. He was only one of a squad of young people whose duties were to punch the name of a firm upon the biscuits, but his willingness to learn and his cheerfulness made him a general favourite and he soon had several good friends. He joined the evening classes at Cooper Union, and soon became intensely interested in electricity. He spent much of his spare time in the boiler room of the biscuit factory and learned from practical experience about many things which had puzzled him. His progress in knowledge astonished even his best friends, and they began to suggest to him the possibility of his entering Columbia University as a student. To the poor Serbian boy this must have seemed almost an impossibility, but the idea so strongly appealed to him that he worked at his studies harder than ever and in the fall of 1879—just a little over five years after he

landed at New York, penniless, friendless, and ignorant—Michael Pupin was enrolled as a student in Columbia University.

He faced his college course with only three hundred and eleven dollars, so that he knew he must win a number of prizes if he was to pay his way and make good. At the close of the first year he won two one hundred dollar prizes, one in Greek and the other in mathematics. This achievement excited a great deal of interest among the students, who were amazed to find themselves outstripped by a poor Serbian immigrant. There was no jealousy, however; the students were good sports and before long no one was more popular around the university than “Michael the Serbian,” as he was generally called.

He made so much progress with his studies that soon he was able to earn money by coaching students in mathematics and Greek. He also coached many students who were called “lame ducks,” because they had failed in their examinations. Many a poor “lame duck” managed to get through his examinations simply because Michael Pupin took an interest in him. No better evidence of his popularity is needed than to mention that he was elected class president for his year. His hard

work over his studies did not prevent him from taking great interest in the college sports, in many of which he excelled.

Michael Pupin received his diploma of bachelor of arts after a very fine record at college. He had only been nine years in the United States. None of his people were present at the ceremony when he received his degree, but some friends sent him a basket of flowers and Michael was very happy.

That same year he returned to visit his home in Serbia. When he was on the train near Gaenserndorf he noticed a conductor who had been rude to him and had called him a Serbian swine-herd when he was a poor lad several years previous. The conductor did not recognise him, however, and this time humbly addressed Michael as "Gracious sir." There was great excitement in the village of Idvor when he arrived. The meeting with his mother was very tender. He went with her to his father's grave and as he told her of his experiences in America she greatly rejoiced.

The simple village folk of Idvor thought that Michael's success would have made him vain and that he would despise them, but when he observed all the old Serbian customs, such as kissing the hands of the old people, his

modesty won their hearts and he became a great favourite. From Idvor he went to Cambridge University in England, where for nearly two years he continued his studies. There he came into close touch with some of the world's greatest mathematicians, and his interest in electricity and kindred subjects became greater than ever. From Cambridge he went to the University of Berlin, where he earned the degree of doctor of philosophy. At that time—1889—the Department of Electrical Engineering was established in Columbia University, and a position as teacher was offered Michael Pupin. He accepted the offer and hurried back to the United States to take up the duties of his important position.

For many years Professor Michael Pupin has been one of the foremost authorities in the world in the science of electrical engineering and kindred subjects. Both by his speeches and by numerous magazine articles he has become widely known, and, while he is known better in America than elsewhere, something of his reputation has spread to other lands. He has made many important discoveries! The vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company said that one invention of Professor Pupin's had

saved for that company at least one hundred million dollars. He has received many honours both from great universities and from important scientific societies. Among such honours are: the Elliot Cresson gold medal from the Franklin Institute; the gold medal from the National Institute of Social Sciences; the Edison medal of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the Hebert prize from the French Academy. And so it happens that the poor, ignorant Serbian boy, who landed in New York with only five cents in his pocket, has become a scholar of whom not only is Serbia proud, but the whole world delights to honour.

CHAPTER VII

A GREAT ARTIST AND A GREAT HERO

BEFORE the days of the Great War, there lived in Breton, France, an artist whose beautiful pictures had caused people to think of him as one of the greatest of French painters. His name was Jean Lemoidant, and he loved to paint pictures of the quaint villages of Brittany where lived the simple-minded fisher-folk who braved the dangers of the deep. Jean Lemoidant's first pictures were of fishermen mending their nets; of little children romping in the sand; of peasants wending their way to the churches they so loved; of anxious women waiting for the return of the fishing boats, and sometimes of angry seas that in their fury hurled themselves against the rocks. Jean Lemoidant loved the simple people among whom he lived, and they in turn gazed in wonder at his paintings and told each other that some day there would be a great artist in France and his name would be Jean Lemoidant.

Then the artist was given a task which occupied him every day for two whole years. In an old village hotel there were fine large panels on the wall, and he was asked to paint a suitable design for the entire wall, which was sixty feet long, thirty feet wide, and fifteen feet high. So exquisite was the design that Jean Lemoidant conceived that when it was completed admiring crowds came great distances to see it and the fame of the artist spread to Paris. He was given the contract to paint the interior of the magnificent municipal theatre at Rennes. He had almost completed this important task when the Great War broke out, and although he was thirty-seven years of age and could have remained in the Home Defence Corps, he enlisted in one of the regiments soon to go to the front, and before the war was many weeks old he was in the trenches facing the Germans.

Jean Lemoidant proved himself as capable a soldier as he had been a painter, and led his men in many daring engagements, where his courage was put to the test. He was badly wounded at Charleroi, and in spite of advice he refused to go to the hospital at the base. Later he was wounded at the Marne, and a third time at Artois. At Artois his right arm

was rendered useless; he was wounded in the leg, and his knee was smashed, and the joint was made stiff so that he walked in a halting fashion.

In spite of these gruelling experiences he still refused to leave the firing line and insisted on staying with his men and joining them in the attack before Arras. In that attack he was struck by a bullet. Afterwards he said that it seemed at the time as if his head had been completely smashed. For forty-eight hours he lay unconscious, and when he came to himself he lay among the dead and the dying, scarcely able to move. He heard around him the groans of dying men. Even then his great courage showed itself, for when he saw a Breton lad dying he crawled to him and comforted him in his last moments.

When, at last, Jean Lemoidant was found, along with others he was taken to a German hospital and placed among the serious cases. Then the darkness came—that terrible darkness which put an end to his fondest hopes. At first he did not know what was the matter with him. Anxiously he asked the nurses: “Why does the night last so long? It seems as if the morning will never come.” When

the news was told him that he was blind, he was staggered. "I had thought of death," he said, "and even thought I might be maimed for life, but I never thought of having to live in the dark all my days."

Then he showed that supreme courage which caused even the brutal Germans to wonder and admire. He moved among his fellow prisoners and partly to while away the time and partly in order to help them, he began to give lectures on painting. Then a great hope came to him. His eyes were put back into their place and he began to see a little—not much more than a glimmer at first—but enough to make him radiant with hope. Each day he told himself that his eyesight was just a little better than the day before, then one day a terrible thing happened and his hopes were dashed to the ground.

He was in the midst of a lecture when something seemed to snap, and instantly every ray of light vanished. Then he knew that he was blind. It was a terrible disappointment, but he did not stop speaking. He continued his lecture. Those who were listening were aware that something had happened although they did not know what it was. At the close of the lecture they rushed forward, only to make the

discovery that Jean Lemoidant's hopes were vain—he was totally blind.

Blind, lame, and with all his hopes of ever being a great artist now completely gone, Jean Lemoidant faced the world again. When at the conclusion of the war he turned his face towards his beloved France he began to hope once more. He thought that the instant the train passed on to French soil there might be a miracle and his sight would be restored. He became greatly excited and asked the nurses not to forget to tell him the instant that the border was passed. In one sense there was no miracle when at last Jean Lemoidant entered France, but in another way there was a miracle, for the courage and cheerfulness of this brave man became almost more than human. No sooner did he get settled down in his beloved France than he began to lecture on the art he so much loved, that of painting. Soon he had large classes of appreciative students to whom he lectured daily on the subject, and the amazing knowledge and cheerfulness of this maimed and blinded soldier aroused his hearers to reverence and enthusiasm. As they gazed into his pale face with the sightless eyes, their hearts were strangely moved.

An English traveller tells of a visit he paid

to Brittany after the war, and of a quaint village festival he attended. Hundreds of peasants moved around the village green clad in their spotless holiday attire. Among the laughing maidens and jovial men he saw one man who seemed to radiate sunshine wherever he went. Then he discovered that this prince of fun-makers was the blinded artist—Jean Lemoidant.

For several years now he has been lecturing on art, and in 1919 he visited the United States of America in order to have conferred upon him a very great distinction, the Howland Prize. This prize is only conferred upon such as have displayed extraordinary skill in some branch of science. The condition reads that it can only be conferred on "The citizen of any country in recognition of some achievement of marked distinction in the field of literature, fine arts, or the science of government."

In years to come no doubt the Howland Prize will be conferred upon many great men; deservedly distinguished for their great gifts as authors, musicians, statesmen or soldiers, but one would feel safe in saying that it is improbable that the great honour will ever be conferred upon any braver man than Jean

Lemoidant, who, although maimed and blinded, just when he seemed to be nearing the goal of his ambition, faced the world with a smile upon his lips and a song of hope and cheer in his brave heart.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM BOOKBINDER'S ERRAND BOY TO GREAT SCIENTIST

ONE day in September, 1791, a boy was born in the heart of London to whom was given the name, Michael Faraday. The father, James Faraday, was a blacksmith, but he was in such feeble health that he could seldom work for a whole day at a time, and sometimes for several weeks was unable to work at all. This meant that he and his wife and their four children had to live on very little and poverty often stared them in the face.

Michael was the third oldest child. In those days education was harder to get than now and most of what he learned was secured at home, and as neither of his parents had much education, Michael soon had to face the world with one of the most serious of handicaps, an almost total lack of education. Near Michael's home was a little yard known as Spanish Place; here the little fellow spent most of his

early years playing marbles and romping around with other children who, like himself, were growing up, as most children of the poor did, without education. James Faraday, though poor and delicate, was a kind father and provided for his family as well as he could, and his wife was industrious and devoted to her four children.

When he reached the age of twelve Michael was apprenticed to a stationer and bookbinder named Mr. George Riebau. One of the lad's duties was to take around the newspapers which his master loaned to customers, and then later in the day he called for them. On Sunday mornings Michael delivered these newspapers very early and then tried to collect them again before church time, although he did not always succeed, for some people then, as now, did not like to be hurried when reading their papers.

During the days of his apprenticeship Michael worked hard and his hours were long, but he was not unhappy, for Mr. Riebau, his master, was kinder than most employers seem to have been in those days. Evidently his parents were pleased with the way in which he was getting along, for in 1809 his father wrote: "Michael is now learning to be a book-

binder and stationer, and is doing well. He has been the most part of four years out of seven. He has a good master and mistress and he likes his place well. He had it hard for a time at first, but as the old saying goes, he has got the head above water, and there are two other boys under him now."

Whenever Michael had a spare moment at noon or in the evenings, he read some of the books that he was binding. When he was given the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to bind he eagerly turned over to the place where the subject of electricity was treated and read every word. He was very much interested in this subject and began to make experiments. He made a small electrical machine and although it cost only a few pennies, it afforded him endless amusement and gave him a start along the line where his chief interest lay.

One day he saw an announcement that a Mr. Tatum was to give some lectures on natural philosophy at his own home. The charge for admission was one shilling. Michael was exceedingly anxious to go, but he did not have the money. His brother, Robert, three years older than Michael, was so pleased to find Michael interested in such a subject that he gave him the money, and with eager steps

Michael sought out Mr. Tatum's home at the appointed time. He attended all the lectures and made careful notes as the speaker went on.

One day a customer at the shop where Michael worked asked him to attend four lectures by Sir Humphry Davy at the Royal Institution. This was an unexpected pleasure and Michael sat spell-bound as the scientist talked and then made experiments. One day, soon afterwards, he wrote a letter to Sir Humphry Davy, telling of his great interest in science, and enclosing the notes he had made of Sir Humphry's lectures. The scientist replied to Michael's letter saying that he was leaving the city, but would remember him when he returned.

Meanwhile, the lad worked away at his experiments, reading all that he could lay his hands on that dealt with chemistry and what was known then of electricity. He hoped that it would be possible for him to get some position that would give him more time to follow his beloved studies, but nothing offered and very often he spent long hours at the book-binder's bench, when in reality his thoughts were elsewhere. One night as he was preparing for bed a loud knock startled him. He

looked out of the window and saw a fine carriage with a footman in livery who brought him a note from Sir Humphry Davy, who wished to see him the following morning. We may be sure he slept little that night, and early the next day hastened to see the great chemist. Sir Humphry offered him a position at six dollars a week. It was to help in the work of the laboratory generally and especially to keep the instruments clean and move them to and from the lecture room. He gladly accepted the offer and said good-bye to book-binding.

This was the turning point in his life. He had made such good use of his time that he was now fairly well educated, and no one to meet him would suspect that he had seen very little of the inside of a school. He joined the City Philosophical Society, which met each week, and he took a keen interest in all that went on in the scientific world. Seven months after his engagement in the laboratory, Sir Humphry Davy decided to travel upon the continent and asked Michael Faraday to accompany him. This was a great opportunity for the young assistant; he had never been more than a few miles away from where he was born and to travel in France, Switzerland,

Italy and Germany was a rare treat and a liberal education.

He made such progress with his studies in chemistry that when he returned to England he was promoted to the position of laboratory assistant at the Royal Institution, with a salary of five hundred dollars a year. He delivered a series of six lectures before the City Philosophical Society on chemistry, which aroused much interest. He was continually making experiments, and in this way he made many important discoveries. He found out that many beliefs regarding electricity were quite wrong and he drew attention to them. He wrote to some of the leading scientific magazines and soon the English people realised that a great scientific authority had arisen in their midst.

For twenty years he lectured at the Royal Academy at Woolwich and for all these lectures he made most careful preparation. It was his way never to undertake anything unless he could do it well, and he even took lectures in elocution so that he could make the best use of his voice. He delivered a great many lectures to boys and girls on scientific subjects and he spared himself no pains in order to make the subjects clear. Young

people were naturally attracted to him and even if they did not fully understand all he said they certainly enjoyed seeing him perform his experiments.

He became scientific adviser to the government in regard to the erection of lighthouses and buoys around the dangerous coast of Great Britain, and his brilliant lectures on this subject drew great crowds to hear him, among them, Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, and their children. He published a book entitled "Experimental Researches in Electricity," which established his reputation as one of the greatest scientists of the world. Concerning this book the famous statesman, William E. Gladstone, wrote: "It is one of the most marvellous monuments of intellectual work; one of the rarest treasure-houses of newly-discovered knowledge, with which the world has ever been enriched."

By this time Michael's mother was an old woman, but she was supremely happy to know that Michael was so much thought of and had become so clever. She used to call him "My Michael," and she so idolised him that Michael, who was now married, said to his wife one day, "Please do not tell my mother of any honours conferred upon me, because it is not

good for her." However, no doubt, in his heart, Michael was glad that he had lived to make his hard-working mother comfortable.

Honours followed in quick succession. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, a degree conferred only upon very distinguished men; the Cambridge Philosophical Society, the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Institution of British Architects and several leading associations of Scotland made him an honorary member. In addition to this he received signal honours from similar associations in St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Berlin, Stockholm, Lisbon, Frankfort, Boston, Philadelphia and many other places. His important discoveries set many other men thinking, and it is safe to say that scores of inventions by other men were due in the first place to Michael Faraday's discoveries.

The British government conferred upon him a pension of three hundred pounds a year for life, which, while it was not large, relieved him from anxiety over money matters. To the end of his life he lived very simply. He was a man of deep religious character and very often preached on the Sabbath with quite as much enthusiasm as he taught science dur-

ing the week. From being a bookbinder's errand boy with little or no education, he rose to be one of the greatest and most honoured men of his time.

CHAPTER IX

THE NEWSBOY WHO BECAME A GREAT INVENTOR

ONE day a boy sat at his desk in an Ohio schoolhouse, trying hard, but not very successfully, to master his lessons. The boy was Thomas Alva Edison and from birth he had been in delicate health. He did not get on very well at school. He was generally at the foot of the class, and one day, when the inspector was present, he heard the teacher say that "Al" as he was generally called, was "addled," and that it almost seemed a waste of time for his parents to keep him at school.

This remark hurt the lad's feelings, and when he went home and told his mother about it, she was very much annoyed and decided that she would look after the boy's education herself. She had once been a teacher in Ontario and she felt sure that her boy had it in him to make good if he only got a chance. Many years later Edison wrote of this incident: "My mother was the most enthusiastic

champion that a boy ever had and I determined right then that I would be worthy of her and show that her confidence in me was not misplaced. My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had some one to live for, some one that I must not disappoint."

Under his mother's tuition, Thomas Edison made good progress. He was constantly asking questions. He wanted to know the why and the wherefore of everything he saw. Sometimes he exhausted the patience of those around him but his mother seemed as eager to help him as he was to seek information, and although he missed some things by not being at school, he gained in other ways. One thing his mother especially taught him was to love good books and this passion for reading has remained with him all his life.

When he was eleven years old Thomas Edison became interested in chemistry. He read a book on physics and at once began to make experiments on his own. His chum and chief companion at this time was a Dutch boy named Michael Oates. He persuaded Michael that if he took a large enough quantity of Seidlitz powders the gases generated would enable him to fly. Michael tried the experiment with

disastrous results. For a time he suffered agonies and his cries attracted much attention, and Thomas Edison's mother found it necessary to use the "switch" on her son. But his interest in chemistry was very great. He used the cellar of the house to try his experiments and collected no less than two hundred bottles from various places. These bottles contained the chemicals with which he was constantly experimenting and he marked them all "poison," so that no one else would touch them. Most of his spare time he spent in that cellar and whatever little pocket-money came his way he spent on purchasing chemicals from the local drug-store.

He felt keenly the need for money where-with to buy chemicals and after much coaxing he succeeded in persuading his parents to allow him to sell newspapers and magazines on the train that ran between Port Huron and Detroit. The enterprise was his own and besides selling papers he sold bread, candy and fruit. Although only twelve years of age, he had an amazing amount of energy and enterprise and soon he made sufficient money to have all the cash needed for chemical experiments.

One day in 1862, the train on which young

Edison was selling newspapers was doing some shunting at Mount Clemens station. On a track near he saw the little son of Mr. J. MacKenzie, the station agent, playing, and a car, without a brakeman, was rapidly approaching. Edison instantly dropped his papers and made a dash for the child. A few seconds later and rescue would have been impossible but as it was he saved the child and jumped from the tracks just as the wheel of the car struck his heel. As a reward for this, Mr. MacKenzie offered to teach Edison the art of telegraphy, something which the lad had long wanted to learn. He eagerly accepted the offer and while he still sold newspapers on the train, he spent every spare moment learning telegraphy.

At this time a seemingly unfortunate thing happened. His interest in chemical and electrical experiments was such that he had secured permission to use part of a car as a laboratory, and as the train journeys were long he spent many hours in that car. One day, a sudden jolting caused a stick of phosphorus to fall from the shelf to the floor where it burst into flames and set fire to the car. The conductor, who was a quick-tempered man, boxed Edison's ears so soundly that the

lad became deaf, an infirmity which has remained with him throughout life. The conductor was so enraged that he put the boy and his entire laboratory off at Mount Clemens station.

Edison's delicate health and his slowness at school had seemed a severe handicap. Added to this now was a deafness which threatened to make his progress in life harder than ever.

His expulsion from the train was a humiliating experience for Edison but he was by no means discouraged. Once more he fitted up his laboratory at home and continued his experiments. There were many protests from some members of the family who feared chemical experiments but his mother had great faith in him and met objections by saying: "Al is all right. Nothing will happen to him. God is taking care of him."

In 1863, when he was sixteen, Edison got a position as telegraph operator at Stratford Junction, Ontario, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a month. He soon found out that the most expert telegraph operators knew practically nothing about the science of telegraphy and how it worked. He followed his usual custom of asking all manner of questions but seldom got much satisfaction. One day an old

man gave him this explanation of the telegraph. He said: "Suppose you had a dog like a dachshund, long enough to reach from Edinburgh to London. Well, then, if you pulled his tail in Edinburgh he would bark in London. The telegraph is like that."

One night, while he was working at Port Huron, there was a very severe storm; the ice-jam broke the telegraph cable and there was no communication in the usual way for some considerable time. Edison's inventive mind got to work and he used the steam whistle of a locomotive to give the long and short signals of the telegraph code. The operator on the other side of the river, three-quarters of a mile away, quickly caught on to the idea and thus messages were sent in wireless fashion across the ice-floes in the river.

Edison was constantly experimenting and learning new ways of doing things. Other young men were willing to work along, and as long as they secured results, did not investigate. Not so with him. He was always enquiring and making experiments and very soon he had a knowledge of telegraphy and the underlying principles of electricity, far beyond any of his workmates.

In 1868, when he was twenty-one years of

age, Edison applied for his first patent for an invention. It was a vote recorder and while it never became extensively used it marked the beginning of that long list of inventions which has earned for him the title of "The Wizard of Invention."

Soon after this Edison went to New York. When he arrived things did not look any too bright for him. He knew no one. He was penniless—in fact, he was in debt. Added to these handicaps was his affliction of deafness which in itself was sufficient to keep him out of most jobs. For several weeks he roamed the streets of New York with actual starvation staring him in the face. One day as he walked along Broadway he turned into Wall Street and entered the offices of the Law Gold Reporting Company. He found that the entire plant had just closed down because of an accident in the machinery which could not be located. The heads of the firm were annoyed and agitated when the shabbily dressed youth walked in. Edison was soon acquainted with what had happened and he mildly remarked that he thought he could put things right. Mr. Law told him to go ahead and try and young Edison immediately repaired the trouble, while the little army of repairers

looked foolish. Mr. Law asked him to step into the office and after asking him a few questions he offered him a salary of three hundred dollars a month.

That was the turning-point in Edison's career. After that he worked as hard, if not harder than ever, but he never knew poverty again. Soon after this he invented an improved stock printer for which he was handed a \$40,000 check. Soon after his name was known all over the American continent and before long he was almost as well known in other parts of the world as in America.

Edison believes that his early struggles, severe as they were, did him a great deal of good and stiffened his backbone. He absolutely refuses to believe that even his deafness has been a handicap. About this trouble he once said: "This deafness has been a great advantage to me in many ways. When in a telegraph office I could hear only the instrument directly on the table at which I sat, and unlike the other operators I was not bothered by the other instruments. . . . Again, my nerves have been preserved intact. Broadway is as quiet to me as a country village is to a person with normal hearing."

No man living has a greater list of inven-

tions to his credit than Edison. Even to give a list of them would occupy several pages of a book. While one naturally thinks of such outstanding inventions as the phonograph yet he has made scores of other important discoveries all of a useful character.

He believes that his success is chiefly due to his ability to concentrate. When some one asked him what he considered was the secret of his success he replied: "The ability to apply physical and mental energies to one problem incessantly without growing weary." He has often worked twenty hours a day for days at a time and has actually toiled at one problem for sixty consecutive hours.

Concentration may be one of the principal reasons for his success, but it does not account for everything. Edison, as a boy, faced difficulties and utterly refused to be discouraged. He made them stepping-stones to success. Any man who can believe that even deafness has been a help to him surely has the quality of courage which makes heroes.

CHAPTER X

THE UNLETTERED BOY WHO BECAME A TREE DOCTOR

ONE day, more than seventy years ago, in Somersetshire, England, a four-year-old boy was watching his father plant potatoes. The man was a poor tenant farmer and the little boy, whose name was John Davey, never lost a chance of seeing his father work. Young though he was, it seemed to John Davey that the most wonderful things in the world were the things which grew in gardens and fields. Flowers, vegetables or grain; how could these things spring out of tiny seeds that were sown in the ground? That was what puzzled the little fellow. Suddenly he turned to his father and asked if he might plant a potato. His father smiled and gave him one, telling him to cut it in two, and explaining how it should be put into the ground. John was very much excited, but he was much too little to handle the shovel, so his father got him an iron spoon. John cut the

potato in two, planted it in the ground, and covered it with earth.

For weeks after, in fact for the whole of that summer, little John Davey looked after the potato that he had planted. He hoed it, and watered it, and cared for it as a mother does a child. It is not to be wondered at that when the time came to dig up the potatoes John's little patch had the biggest ones in the whole garden, and there was no prouder or more excited boy in England.

There were very few schools in those days, and as no one was compelled to go, and even small children could earn money, most boys, and even girls of poor families, did not go to school, but were sent straight to work. When John Davey was eight years old he was sent to work on neighbouring farms for sixpence a day. The little fellow often spent twelve hours a day weeding vegetables until his back seemed as if it would break. There was no time for play and as he could neither read or write, there was practically nothing to do but work and sleep. When he was thirteen his mother died and as there was a large family the children were all sent out to work for different farmers. John had by this time learned a great deal about farming. There

was very little that he could not do; and he was also anxious to do his best.

On the farm where he was sent to work, there was a rough teamster, much given to the use of profane language, and John had to share his room and bed with this man. He had been taught to pray each night, but the first night he slept in that room he hesitated. He was afraid of the swearing teamster, but when the man got into bed, John knelt down to pray. The man was talking in the darkness, but as he got no replies he put out his hand, and it rested on John's head. Then it dawned upon the rough man that John was praying. To the lad's surprise the man was deeply moved and asked John to forgive him for his profane language.

John worked on this farm for seven years. There was nothing about a farm that he did not learn to do. He worked fourteen and even sixteen hours a day. When night came he was utterly exhausted. Then something happened which gave him an ambition. He and another young man were putting slates on a roof when this youth took a small piece of slate and with it wrote his name upon another slate. John Davey was astonished and all at once a great longing came to him that he

might learn to read and write. He felt sure that if this young man could do it, he could.

When he was twenty he went to work at Torquay. Up to this time he had never even seen the inside of a school. He could neither read nor write, in fact he did not know all the letters of the alphabet. One of the small churches in Torquay had an evening class for those who, never having been to school, were anxious to learn. John Davey joined this class and at once began to master the alphabet and to learn to form letters. While he was almost a man in years, and a first-class worker on the farm, he did not know any more about reading or writing than many children of five to-day. The farm where he worked was two miles from Torquay, so early each morning he walked the two miles, worked hard for twelve hours, trudged the two miles home again, and then tackled his studies. Soon he made progress and he bought a New Testament and a dictionary. These two books became his companions. He carried them everywhere he went, and whenever he had a few minutes to spare he began reading one of them. When working in the fields, at lunch hour, he would often crawl under a hawthorn hedge and hold

a slice of bread in one hand and the New Testament in the other.

The heavy strain soon told on him. He had been a healthy boy. At fifteen he had often carried two hundred and forty-eight pounds of wheat up a flight of stairs. But he broke down in health and had to go home. Before long, however, he was back at his work again and some one gave him a small hymn-book. This gave him great delight. He had now three books, and he read the hymn-book so much that he could recite many hymns from memory.

All this time his love for flowers and bees increased. It became the greatest passion of his life. He studied them until he knew more about them than any man in the countryside. He was given a situation in some conservatories and such was his knowledge and willingness to work that by the end of the year he was in charge of the work.

One day, a clergyman, who had noticed his eager ambition to get on, suggested that in the United States there were many opportunities for young people. John Davey had never thought of emigrating, but from that day he determined to go to the United States. He had practically no money, but he sold rose,

trees to get his passage money and at the age of twenty-six he arrived in America and found work as a labourer at Warren, Ohio. There was a good deal of unemployment at the time, but his eagerness to work, and his thorough way of doing things, stood him in good stead, and he was never out of a job.

There was a private school in Warren and John found out that the position of janitor was vacant. He was still working as a labourer, but he secured the position and mornings and evenings he looked after the buildings, for which he was given tuition. At this time he used to rise at three o'clock in the mornings, take a brisk walk, then study for three hours. After that he attended to his duties as a janitor before going to his day's work. In spite of having so much to do, he made rapid progress with his studies and in the Latin examination he secured ninety-eight as a mark.

His reputation as a gardener soon spread and he was given a position as caretaker of flowers in a cemetery. He made the grounds so gorgeous that soon people began to come for many miles to see it. When people asked how he secured such wonderful results he said it was the result of hard work and close study.

He said that there was no such thing as luck in the garden. Everything must be carefully studied, even a minute knowledge of the various insects which destroy plants was necessary.

About this time there was a man who had a magnificent tree, sixty feet high and four feet in diameter, but it was dying, and everybody whom he consulted said that nothing could arrest the decay. At last the man sent for John Davey, although it did seem as if the tree were too far gone to recover. Davey most carefully examined the tree, then he stripped away every semblance of decay; every dead twig and branch was cut off and the cavities carefully filled. He applied all the knowledge he had gained from many years of experience. Soon the tree responded to the treatment and to the delight of its owner it took on a new lease of life.

This incident added greatly to his reputation and requests for his services began to pour in. Another man had a very fine elm tree, over five feet in diameter, which was dying. All who saw it said it was doomed and that Davey would be unable to do anything. He himself recognized that to revive it would be very difficult. Many people openly scoffed

at his attempts and said that he was "crack-brained." He treated the tree by pruning the roots. He dug trenches, sixty feet from the centre of the tree, cut off the extremities and revived the roots. At first his attempts seemed an utter failure. When spring came and other trees sent forth their green buds, not a thing appeared on the branches of the huge elm. People laughed, but John Davey waited patiently. He knew that the tree would be long in awaking from its winter sleep. Soon there were signs of life, and within a few weeks such was the profusion of buds that people came from long distances to see its beauty. It was a complete triumph for Davey and his reputation as a tree specialist was firmly established.

He published a book called "The Tree Doctor," in which he made public the many wonderful things he had learned about trees. The information was invaluable and it is safe to say that millions of trees have been saved by those who have followed his instructions. His views have been accepted everywhere as authoritative, and it is said by many that John Davey has more practical knowledge about trees than any one else in the world.

He established an institute for young men

who wished to take up the study of trees and flowers. His two sons have been associated with him in that work for many years. And so it has come to pass that the lad who began to work hard at eight years of age, and who at twenty could not write his own name, and did not even know all the letters of the alphabet, has become a world figure by his sheer pluck and determination.

CHAPTER XI

THE PEASANT BOY WHO MADE HIS DREAMS COME TRUE

LESS than forty years ago a little Serbian boy—Ivan Mestrovic—was watching the sheep on the hillsides near his home in the village of Otavice in Serbia, about thirty-five miles from the Dalmatian coast. Ivan's parents were peasants and, like all the humble folk of the countryside, lived very simply. There were few luxuries in that little thatched cottage, and while still a mere lad of eight or nine years of age, Ivan, like the other boys he knew, spent long hours at the foot of the soaring Dinaric Alps, tending the flocks and at night returning, often footsore and weary, to listen to the stirring tales of Serbia's national heroes, as they were told to the assembled children around the fireside.

The history of the Serbian people in many ways has been a sad one. Centuries ago they lost much of their independence when the Turks crushed them with a cruel onslaught

which left them in an enfeebled condition. But no people in the world are prouder of their history than the Serbs, and Ivan listened eagerly as his father told of the mighty deeds of Kraljevic Marko, the national hero of Serbia, and other renowned men of the nation.

Perhaps after Ivan went to bed each night he dreamed of the thrilling tales he had heard. One thing he certainly did: he dreamed of these things by day when out on the lonely mountain sides with no companions but the sheep. He had lots of time to think, for often he would be off almost at daybreak and only when night was falling did the lad turn his steps homeward. He knew little or nothing of the great world outside. Most of the old people of the district had lived all their lives without moving away more than a few miles. Many of them had never been as far as the Dalmatian coast although it was little more than thirty miles away. Ivan thought that perhaps he too, like the old men of the village, would live and die near his father's thatched cottage.

From his earliest years Ivan loved to carve wood, using the curved peasant knife which he took with him to the hills each day. Sometimes he made spoons, or knives, or forks,

which he proudly brought home to his parents, who commended him for his cleverness. The days were never dull for him; for during the long sunny days on the upland pastures he meditated over the strange stirring tales he had heard at his father's fireside, and occupied himself with carving all manner of household utensils with his curious old knife.

Then, one day, as Ivan gazed at the silent mountains, towering higher and higher until they seemed to reach the sky, he wondered if he could not make other things with his knife such as models of men and women, cattle, and then perhaps of the brave heroes of whom he was so proud. One day he was taken to the town of Sibenik and for the first time saw a cathedral, with its carved saints, gleaming altar and scenes depicted from sacred history.

When next he tended the flocks Ivan's mind was busier than ever. He resolved that he—poor peasant boy though he was—would be a sculptor, with stone as well as with wood, and he would make models of great and good people such as he had seen in Sibenik Cathedral. After that Ivan was busy every hour of his solitary watches, carving some figure either in wood or in stone. He showed the result of his efforts to the village priest who greatly en-

couraged him, and at his request Ivan made a crucifix for the village church.

The boy's workmanship began to attract attention. A visitor to the district was so impressed that he tried to raise money in the neighbourhood to send Ivan away to pursue his studies under some competent teacher but, although the peasants were all proud of Ivan, they were very poor and the little money they could raise would not be sufficient, so the plan had to be abandoned. By this time Ivan's father was eager to have him get experience so he apprenticed him to a marble cutter at Split named Bilinic. This was a great adventure for Ivan. He left his humble home among the hills, clad in native dress and wearing his red Croatian cap, and soon he was at work helping to carve crucifixes, angels and various altar ornaments for the local churches. In the evenings he had to do much drudgery and he suffered privation of every kind, but there was no foolish pride in the boy's heart. He knew that his parents were too poor to pay for his tuition, so he was glad to do even the meanest duties, to pay for his education as a sculptor. About this time a man named Konig became greatly interested in him and through him Ivan was able to pur-

sue his studies in Vienna. He must have seemed a strange figure when, clad in his Serbian peasant's dress, he reached that great city; soon he discarded these for the corduroys and soft hat so typical of the art students of the Austrian capital.

Things were certainly opening up for Ivan Mestrovic but his troubles were by no means over. He received a small grant from his native village but this was not nearly enough to provide him even with the necessities of life, so that during his four years of study at the Academy in Vienna he constantly felt the pinch of poverty. Then the attitude of the proud Austrian people towards the Serbians, together with the fact that his early education had been sadly neglected, often embarrassed him. But Ivan was not easily discouraged and his determination to become a great sculptor became stronger every day.

From Vienna he went to Rome and then on to Paris where he studied for two years, coming into contact with the great sculptor Auguste Rodin, who was quick to recognise the true genius of the Serbian youth. Soon the excellent quality of Ivan's work began to attract attention and he was recognised as a student of much more than ordinary ability.

In 1911 there was a great exhibition of art in Rome and in the Serbian pavilion the work of Ivan Mastrovic was displayed on a much greater scale than on any previous occasion. He had a magnificent model of Serbia's national hero, Kraljevic Marko, which almost seemed to breathe, it was so lifelike. There were scenes depicted from Serbian history with marvellous grace, and besides these there were models of his father, his mother and some of the shepherds whom as a boy he had seen around his native hills. This exhibition of Ivan's work created a very favourable impression; it might almost be said a sensation, for everyone who saw it realised that it was the work of a true genius.

During the days of the Great War Ivan Mestrovic lived in Rome. They were sad days for him, for with the retreat of the Serbian army it seemed as though the brave little nation would be crushed again, as in the days of the Turkish oppression. His mind turned much to the sorrows of Christ and out of walnut wood he depicted many incidents from sacred history such as Christ on the Cross and other scenes which set forth the sorrows of the Saviour.

In 1915 Ivan Mestrovic astounded even his

admirers by conducting a one-man exhibition in the Victoria and Albert Museum, Kensington, London, England. The exhibition was a great revelation to the British public. It was even a greater triumph than that he had achieved at Rome and his wonderful statues in wood and plaster and stone were the subject of favourable comment from all quarters. Of course much of his work could not be seen at exhibitions such as at Rome and London, for it was done in churches. It is said that one of the finest pieces of artistry in stone to be seen anywhere is his work in the Chapel of the Madonna of the Angels at Cavtat. Critics say that no finer work has been done in modern times than that which Mestrovic has done in this chapel.

A few years ago Ivan Mestrovic crossed the Atlantic with his wonderful people of wood and stone, and in America thousands have gazed on his work and admired and wondered how one man, scarcely yet in middle life, could have done so much work and all of such high quality. In 1924 a Mestrovic exhibition was held at the Brooklyn Museum. The triumphs the sculptor scored at Rome were repeated at Brooklyn. It is safe to say that no sculptor of modern times has won greater

laurels than Mestrovic and no one can foretell what wonderful things this Serbian genius may yet accomplish.

Away in the far-off hills of Serbia, the peasants still tend their flocks of sheep on the rugged hillsides, and at night, when the day's work is over, they still gather around the fire-side and tell thrilling tales of Serbian heroes, but of one thing we may be sure: they have added a new hero to their list. They tell of a peasant boy who, not so many years ago, watched his father's sheep and dreamed of what he would like to do and of how he has made his dreams come true.

CHAPTER XII

THE BOY WHOSE DIFFICULTIES MADE HIM DETERMINED TO SUCCEED

AMONG the flood of European immigrants that came to America in the early seventies of last century, was a family from Alsace-Lorraine, named Kindlerberger. There were several small children in the family and they were all well used to hardship for they had never known anything but poverty. After three or four years of changing around the family finally settled in West Carrollton, Ohio, where the father obtained work in the paper-mills.

The third in the group of seven children was named Jacob and as soon as he was ten he was sent to work in the mills where he earned twenty-five cents a day. One week he would be on the day shift, and a day's work meant thirteen long hours. The following week he worked on the night shift which lasted twelve hours. The mills were poorly ventilated, dark and cheerless, and if young Jacob

ever lagged behind in his work his ears were soundly boxed or he was given a kick. Enormous quantities of rags were brought to the mills to go through the process which would make them into paper. At first Jacob's work was to cut the buttons from the rags. This work had to be done very carefully. Not one button must be allowed to go through the machine, or paper would be ruined. Jacob was severely handicapped for doing this work because of his defective eyesight. His eyes were so poor that he could not easily distinguish buttons from rags, so he trained himself to work by touch. As swiftly as he could the half-blind boy toiled away, terrified lest he should allow buttons to get into the machine, but taking his punishment when it came, without whimpering. For a long time his wages remained at twenty-five cents per day, but even that small amount was sorely needed in the Kindleberger home, where there was a constant struggle against actual want.

Jacob was far from happy in those days. His father had not got on as well as he had hoped and was a discouraged man. His mother was overworked and weary with having to look after the needs of so many children, with very little money. At fifteen Jacob

was earning only thirty cents a day. He could neither read nor write. The hours of labour at the mill were such that he had seldom even played. There was little for him to do but work, eat and sleep. He had no ambition, for there had been nothing in his life so far but poverty and hardship and it seemed as though he were destined to become, like his father, a discouraged man. Then something happened which completely changed Jacob Kindleberger's life.

One Sunday evening he was standing with a number of other lads of his own age, near the Carrollton Methodist Church. One lad said, "Let us go into the church and have a good laugh." They agreed and went in, Jacob among them. But instead of having a good laugh Jacob sat spell-bound as the minister preached. The man spoke about life, its possibilities and responsibilities. He asked his hearers what they intended doing during the next ten, twenty or thirty years. Would they be bigger, better, happier, more useful? As he listened Jacob became suddenly dissatisfied with his life. He felt it was all so meaningless and empty. He seemed to be going from nowhere to nowhere; but what help could he get? He who could neither read nor

write. The minister invited those who earnestly wanted God to help them, to come forward, and Jacob got up in his seat and accepted the invitation.

For the first time in his life Jacob went to a school. It was Sunday School and he found that boys half his age could both read and write. They treated him kindly and he felt at home among them but he determined there and then, that he would not be pitied. He would learn to read and write and meet these boys on an equal footing. One thing which greatly helped him was that he made a new set of companions. He had never known such lads before and he did not know that there could be so much kindness and sympathy in the world. Nobody around that church or Sunday School ever said an unkind word, or did a mean thing to Jacob, but when he saw them reading the Bible or singing out of hymn-books, it almost seemed as if they lived in another world.

One boy gave Jacob his old primary books. He taught him his letters and the meaning of words. Jacob's defective eyesight prevented his making as much progress as he would otherwise have done because he read so slowly and had to hold the book within a few inches

of his face. Then his home was crowded and no matter how eager to learn he might be, it was not easy to study. The only heated room in the house was the kitchen and there the whole family gathered. The younger children played and shouted and the only light came from a miserable little oil lamp. Jacob stuck to his lessons night after night. He did his best work after ten o'clock, when the others had gone to bed. He would sit up until his mother thumped on the floor and insisted that he "put those books away and get to bed."

Jacob got his first pair of glasses when he was nineteen. He was simply amazed at the great difference they made. He said: "I had no idea what I had been missing until I got those glasses. They literally changed earth into heaven. For days I went about in a daze of wonder, just looking and discovering new beauties." From then on he made better progress with his studies and was soon able to read and write with comparative ease.

When he was twenty-one he entered school, taking his place in the fourth grade. Most of his class-mates were about eleven or twelve years of age. He felt terribly awkward when he first took his place in the class. He was earning his living by acting as janitor and

truant officer for the school, but for six hours each day he sat in the class. He did so well with his lessons that in four years he was able to enter Ohio Wesleyan University where he began to study for the Christian ministry.

He had to pay his own way, of course, but this he did by working after classes and on Saturdays and vacations. He began by acting as a salesman for paper and did so well that before long he was earning more than he had ever done in his life. He had a hard time, however, at the university. His eyes gave him a great deal of trouble and he could never read for long at one time. His eyes were not equal to any prolonged strain. One day when he was in college the printed page before him suddenly became blank. After the lecture he went straight to a doctor who told him that if he did not leave college at once he would go blind.

It was a severe disappointment, but Jacob had become used to hard knocks, and he did not lose heart. He left college and secured a position as a travelling salesman at fifteen dollars a week. It was not much, but he determined to succeed—and he did. He travelled all over the United States, Canada and Mexico, and he made friends and did business, wherever he went. So hard did he work at

this that he became the most successful salesman his firm had on the road. Then one day a friend told him that there was room for a new paper-mill near Kalamazoo, Michigan. After investigating the situation he decided to try the venture and so he began the mills—just two miles from Kalamazoo—where now stands the town of Parchment.

Success in the new venture did not come quickly. There were many discouragements and setbacks, but all his life Jacob Kindleberger had faced difficulties and they had always served to increase his determination. He worked at those new mills as hard—or harder—than any man on the job. He even shovelled coal in the boiler-room to cut down expenses. He was the first on the job in the morning, and the last to quit at night.

One day on a railway train, he overheard a lady say that she had tried everywhere to get a certain kind of shelf-paper but without success. That gave him an idea. Immediately he began to manufacture that kind of paper and sold it in great quantities. Soon the tide turned and success came. The machinery of the mills was improved and the output of paper increased daily. Homes were built for the employees, and before long Parchment

was a good-sized town. A fine school was built, a church, a community house, large playgrounds, and everything has been done with a view to have the people of that town comfortable, contented and happy.

Some time ago in the *American Magazine*, Mr. W. S. Dutton told of a visit he paid to Parchment and of his impressions. The mills, he said, are among the largest and most scientifically equipped in the world. They represent, at present, an investment of more than seven million dollars. From the large machines, beautiful white writing paper rolls out at the rate of seven hundred feet a minute, and Mr. Kindleberger hopes to have this output increased to one thousand feet a minute.

Jacob Kindleberger has never forgotten the debt he owes to church and Sunday School. As soon as the first house was built in Parchment a Sunday School was started and there is a fine church in the town. For fourteen years Mr. Kindleberger has been the teacher of the Adult Bible Class and no man could be more loved and respected. The half-blind immigrant boy who began life almost without any education, has become one of the most successful business men, and one of the noblest Christian gentlemen, on this continent.

CHAPTER XIII

KINDERGARTEN PUPIL AT TWENTY-FIVE:
COLLEGE PROFESSOR AT FIFTY

FIFTY years ago Aaron Drucker was born in a small Russian village far inland. His parents were so poor that they were often on the verge of starvation, and when Aaron, at the age of ten, started out from home to make his own way in the world there were apparently no objections from his people. The little lad wandered from one place to another, often finding it extremely difficult to supply his few wants. At the end of two years he returned to his home.

One of the few exciting experiences which came his way was the sight of a soldier in a smart uniform. To Aaron Drucker, without education and often without the necessary things of life, it seemed that to be a soldier must be a very fine thing. Then one day some man—no doubt some one who had friends in the United States—told him that America was a wonderful place; a land of great oppor-

tunities. "Can a common man get on there?" Aaron asked. "Why, a common man can soon become a general in America," said his informer; "wild Indians are being put down, and young men are needed. No education is required."

From that day the greatest ambition of Aaron Drucker was to get to America; how, he did not know; but get there he must. He was at that time just twelve years of age but he started out to walk to America. He wandered here and there; doing odd jobs, and living on as little as he could. After much hardship he arrived at Odessa. From there he sailed to Constantinople only to be discovered by government officials, deported to Odessa, and then ordered to return home.

This would have been enough to discourage most boys, but not Aaron Drucker. Some one told him that he could best reach America by going through Germany and he promptly started to tramp in that direction. After some weeks of exciting and very often discouraging experiences he arrived at Memel in Germany with very little money in his pocket and with hardly the faintest idea of where he was and in what direction America lay. He obtained employment at a hostelry that ca-

tered to Russian emigrants. One day he assisted a woman to the steamship office. She needed small coin and giving him a thousand-ruble note asked him to change it for her. He was gone longer than the woman expected and she became excited and called the police, but there was no need of their help, for Aaron Drucker just then appeared. He had become hungry and had stopped to eat. The officials of the steamship company were surprised and pleased at his honesty and offered him a position which he eagerly accepted.

He was now earning a regular salary for the first time in his life and he began to save his money. He was as determined as ever to get to America, and help to put down the wild Indians about whom he had heard, and no doubt he still had visions of himself parading about in a general's uniform. At last he saved enough to cross the Atlantic and he arrived in New York harbour one Saturday morning in October, 1891. The first thing he did on Monday morning was to seek out a recruiting office and try to join the army. There he met with a bitter disappointment. He was told that a knowledge of the English language was necessary for military service, and so his hopes were shattered. He knew only a few words of

English and could not carry on a conversation. A severe illness followed and all his savings vanished. He found himself alone, in a strange land, without friends and without even a knowledge of the language. His plight at that time was a serious one. He searched everywhere for employment but without success. Often he walked the streets of New York, penniless, hungry and discouraged. At one place where he tried to get work he was told that he looked too seedy and unkempt. The man led him to a mirror and he had to admit that he was a sorry-looking specimen. His clothes were torn and dusty and he looked as though he hadn't had a good wash for months. He was given soap, a towel and a brush, and soon he looked like another person. That same night he got a job.

He worked as a shirt-packer in a sweatshop. The hours were long and conditions far from pleasant, but Aaron worked with all his might and found that he could earn eighty cents a day. It seemed a good deal to him at that time and he was just beginning to congratulate himself when a strike was called and he went out with the others. Soon after he secured employment in a shirt factory. In that factory was a young man named Steve who had

organised a workers' education movement. One day this man asked Aaron Drucker to join the class studying English. Perhaps it was because he felt ashamed of his ignorance, but he hesitated and did not seem eager to attend. "Can you read or write English?" asked Steve. Aaron admitted that he could not do either. "Have you a mother?" persisted Steve. Upon being told that she lived in Russia, he said: "If you could read and write you could hear from her. Then you would know what is going on in the village where you were born, and you could let your mother know where you are and how you are getting along." That decided Aaron. He admitted that he had not heard from his mother for five years and that day he began to attend the noon class.

He was twenty-five years of age and did not know the alphabet. He began then as a kindergarten scholar. Soon after he attended the evening classes and made remarkable progress. He attended the classes for four years and then Steve entered his name for entrance examinations in the College of the City of New York. To his own amazement Aaron Drucker passed the examinations, but soon after the Spanish-American War broke out

and his boyhood dream of being a soldier revived and once again he offered America his services and this time he was not refused.

Upon his discharge from the Army he entered Columbia University and was graduated in 1901. Shortly afterwards he received a summons to return to Russia because of a crisis in his home. While he was there he was seized for military service. His experience in the Spanish-American War made his services valuable but the Russian officers resented his education and independent manner. All manner of insults were heaped upon him. Finally it became unbearable and one day he took his own part and struck back at an officer. He was tried and sentenced to Siberia for life but when the American Ambassador, who also was a graduate of Columbia University, learned of the circumstances he intervened, and made it possible for Drucker to return to America.

As soon as he returned to America he went to Chicago and took post-graduate work at the university. He spent one year in social service work in Denver, Colorado, and later took further studies at Columbia University. Then came his appointment as a teacher in the Commercial Department of Colorado Col-

lege. Soon after he was appointed to the important position of Dean of this Department, which he has held ever since.

Although a busy man, with heavy responsibilities, Professor Drucker has for several years devoted nearly all his spare time to helping men, who, like himself, are immigrants in America. He has never forgotten the days when, sick and friendless, and with no knowledge of the English language, he walked the streets of New York looking for a job. Many a new-comer to America has had reason to be thankful that he ever met Professor Drucker.

A group of working men in Colorado Springs decided to form a night school. They believed that there could be a class of one hundred if they could only secure some educator who would lead them. When they asked where such a man could be found all agreed that the one man most desired and best fitted, was Doctor Aaron Drucker. He was asked and responded readily, and with the help of some of his colleagues at Colorado College the evening classes began with the result that, in less than one year, over two hundred and fifty students were in attendance. Dr. Drucker has given of his time and strength to this work most unselfishly because he remem-

bers with gratitude the men who gave him assistance when he stood so badly in need of it.

Aaron Drucker, now Professor Drucker, with important degrees from both Columbia and Chicago universities, has become a highly-respected and most valuable citizen of America. Because of his keen interest and practical knowledge of the much-discussed subject of immigration his views have considerable weight. He is anxious that the great host of immigrants to America should receive a friendly welcome and should receive such information as will make it possible for them to get a good start in the land of their adoption. The college professor of fifty has not forgotten that at twenty-five he was a pupil in the kindergarten.

CHAPTER XIV

A POOR NEGRO BOY WHO THRILLED A KING

ONE night, in the town of Erie, Pennsylvania, a poor negro boy stood, knee-deep in snow, outside the windows of a large house listening to a famous singer within. The name of the negro boy was Harry Burleigh. His mother was sometimes employed as extra help when a party was given in the big house, and she had told Harry that a great artist was to sing that evening, and although it was nearly zero and he shivered in the winter cold, the little fellow was so thrilled with the music that he forgot the biting wind and the frost.

Harry's grandfather had been a slave and partly as a result of the hardships he endured became blind, yet he laboured hard to support his family. Harry's father died while he was a little fellow so he and his mother had to depend upon the old blind man for much of their support. For several years the grandfather was town-crier and the old blind negro often

roamed the streets ringing his bell and announcing some news of general interest such as the hour of a funeral, or a meeting to be held. Newspapers only came once a week so the old negro filled a useful place in the town.

The boy's widowed mother was glad to earn a few cents whenever she could. She acted as janitress at a public school and often in the evenings helped servants in the big houses. Harry sold papers, ran errands, and did any odd chores he could find to do. Later he got work as a lamplighter. There was no gas or electricity in those days in the smaller towns and cities, and Harry got a job helping to keep the oil lamps clean and attending to them each evening.

The negro boy attended school and while it was not like a modern school he learned to read and write and—what interested him more than anything else—he learned to sing. Poor, shabbily dressed, and often hungry though he was, Harry forgot all these things when the singing-lesson came around. He had a wonderful voice and soon the attention of his teacher was attracted. He gave the lad every encouragement and told him that some day he would be a great singer.

It was then that Harry's mother told him

of the music in homes where she sometimes was employed and one evening, when a boy was needed at a party to open the door for guests, she secured the place for Harry, and there was no happier boy in all America that night than Harry Burleigh.

He continued to attend school through the day and he worked at nights. There was scarcely anything he did not do during those years when he and his mother battled against poverty. When he was sixteen he sang in church choirs on Sundays, and in a Jewish synagogue on Saturdays, and soon his fine voice made him known to musical people. But all the money he could earn was needed at home and he so much wanted to get a musical education.

He heard that the National Conservatory of Music in New York City offered scholarships for young people whose voices gave promise and he determined to try for one. He had to sing before several distinguished musicians and he was a very nervous and worried lad that day, but he did his best, and after some hesitation the judges granted him a scholarship, and at last he began to study music in earnest. Dvořák, the great Bohemian composer, was one of the directors of

the Conservatory and he was at once attracted to the negro boy. Harry sang for him many old negro melodies and Dvořák was greatly pleased.

For four years Harry Burleigh studied hard every day. He knew that he had a great privilege in being at the Conservatory and he made the most of it. But always there was the struggle for daily bread. His scholarship simply meant that he obtained free tuition. He still had to provide for himself and his mother, and so there was a never ceasing search for jobs that the home might be kept going. His mother was firm in her belief that Harry would be a great singer and she helped in every possible way.

For several years in the summer time he worked on the big lake steamers, and then one year he secured a position in a Saratoga hotel. While he was there he sang in an Episcopal church and he was told that the position of baritone soloist at St. George's Episcopal Church in New York City was vacant and he determined to apply for the position. This is one of the largest churches in New York and Harry found that there were no less than sixty applicants, all eager to secure the place, and he was the only coloured person applying.

In spite of the severe handicaps he had to face his wonderful full, rich voice overcame all prejudice. He was selected for the place and for more than thirty years he has filled the position and always given great satisfaction.

While his struggles were not at an end, Harry Burleigh had turned the corner and he never had to face again the terrible hardships he had known in his boyhood and young manhood. In addition to his work at St. George's he undertook to train other choirs in New York churches and he was soon in great demand as a concert singer. He made several European tours and everywhere he went his fine voice and modest behaviour won for him a host of friends. He received a great welcome in England and sang before the late King Edward VII who was greatly moved by his singing. He also sang before other members of European royalty and everywhere he won golden opinions.

In addition to being a singer of extraordinary power, Harry Burleigh became a composer. He has composed the music for more than one hundred songs in addition to several festival anthems for choruses. He has also written the music for a large number of negro "spirituals" and made these quaint old negro

melodies known and loved the world over. He has composed music for some of the greatest musicians, and made possible much of their success. He composed the music for the song "Little Mother of Mine" which John McCormack sang before one of the largest audiences ever gathered in a concert hall. He was present when the singer received a tremendous oration and although McCormack wanted him to acknowledge the applause, he modestly kept himself in the background.

For several years he has held the position of musical editor of the Ricordi Music Publishing House. No piece of music is submitted to them which does not pass through his hands. With all his success as a singer and composer and judge of music, Harry Burleigh remains as unspoiled and modest as ever. When he has time in his busy life to think about the past, no doubt there are several scenes which rise up in his memory. No doubt he remembers the day when he proudly sang before King Edward VII and other great occasions, but we are sure that sometimes he thinks of that cold winter night when he stood knee-deep in snow outside the big house where his mother worked, so that he might catch the strains of the music from within.

CHAPTER XV

A QUAKER BOY WHO ASTONISHED THE WORLD

ONE summer afternoon in 1745 a seven-year-old boy, living near Springfield, Pennsylvania, was given the task of looking after a little baby. His mother put a fan in his hand and told him to keep the flies away from the infant's face. When at last she fell asleep, the boy, whose name was Benjamin West, was struck with the beauty of the sleeping child. Up till that time he had never even seen a picture, for his people were Quakers and regarded pictures as worldly and unnecessary. On a table near, were two bottles of ink, one red, the other black. Benjamin took a piece of paper and with the ink began to make a drawing of the little one asleep. Just as he finished the sketch his mother appeared. He tried to conceal the drawing but she saw it, and then, opened her eyes wide with astonishment: "Why, bless me!" she exclaimed, "it is a picture of little Sally." She threw her arms around Benjamin's neck and

tenderly kissed him. After that he was never afraid to show his mother anything he had drawn.

From that time on young Benjamin scarcely allowed a day to pass without attempting some kind of drawing. Everything he saw around him came in for attention; the wild flowers and trees, the birds and cattle, the men, women and children, even the lovely sunsets, he attempted. Sometimes he used ink on sheets of paper, at other times he used chalk until nearly every board and door around the farmhouse was chalked up.

At that time there were a great many Mohawk Indians living in Pennsylvania. They made occasional visits to Springfield and they were greatly interested in Benjamin's sketches. They used much red and yellow paint with which to decorate themselves, and some of this they gave to Benjamin. His mother gave him some indigo so he had red, yellow and blue colours, and he found out that by mixing the yellow and blue he could make green, so that enabled him to paint in four colours. The Indians also taught him how to shoot with bow and arrow, and in this way he captured many beautiful birds and used them as models for his pictures. The neighbouring

white people, who visited the West family, were greatly interested and amused at the sketches which the little fellow had made on every available space but they expressed regret that he had not any brushes. Up till that time Benjamin did not even know what a brush looked like, nor had he ever seen a picture of any description. He was at a loss to know how to obtain a paint-brush, such as the neighbours talked of, until one day, as he watched the cat, he got the idea of making a brush from her fur. The brush was a success, but before long he needed another, then another. Soon the cat had big patches of its body without fur and Benjamin's father said: "I don't know what is the matter with that cat. All its fur is coming out." When he learned what the real trouble was he did not know whether to chastise the boy or not, but he was so much amused that he forgave him.

When Benjamin was eight years old, a relative from Philadelphia, named Mr. Pennington, visited the family. He was greatly astonished at the drawings and paintings which his young relative had done without any assistance whatever. When he returned to Philadelphia he sent Benjamin a box of paints, several pieces of canvas, and six en-

gravings by a famous artist of that time. Benjamin went nearly wild with joy. They were the first real drawings he had ever seen and they certainly seemed wonderful. That night, when he went to bed, he laid his presents on a chair, and several times during the night he put out his hand to make sure that they were still there. He almost thought that it must be a dream out of which he would awake.

The next day he carried his presents up to a garret in the house and began at once to make copies of the engravings. He became so interested that he forgot all about school and then evidently decided that he must finish his paintings for he did not go near the school for several days. The schoolmaster at last sent to enquire the reason of his absence. Benjamin's mother did not know how he had been spending his time and, feeling very much annoyed, she went up to the garret to search for him. When she opened the door and saw the pictures which her eight-year-old boy had painted she was amazed and delighted, and interceded with his father so Benjamin was not punished.

Some time after this Mr. Pennington took Benjamin for a few days to Philadelphia. It

was the boy's first journey away from home and what he saw made him open his eyes wide with wonder. The houses, the people, and the ships on the river: how different they were to anything he had ever seen before. But that which interested him more than anything else was the pictures. Noticing his interest in these, an artist named Williams loaned him some books on the art of painting. These Benjamin took with him when he returned to his home and carefully studied them.

He had now definitely made up his mind to become an artist. He painted a picture of a lady and her children who lived in a nearby town and this aroused such favourable comment that soon he had far more orders for pictures than he could possibly fill. He was overwhelmed with requests from people who, of course, offered to pay him for his work.

Benjamin was now sixteen, and his father decided to put him out as an apprentice to some trade. But he had shown such remarkable artistic ability, and he was so much in love with his art, that he and his parents hoped that he could follow his bent. The Quakers did not believe in decorative art of any kind. They regarded pictures as indications of vanity. A meeting was called to dis-

cuss Benjamin's future. For several hours the matter was carefully considered. The Quaker attitude towards pictures seemed to make an artist's career for one of them, impossible, yet no one denied that Benjamin had remarkable gifts. At last one of the leading men arose and in a long speech declared that God undoubtedly had conferred upon Benjamin West a remarkable gift and he could see no reason why this gift should not be used for the glory of God. Others agreed with him and the members solemnly placed their hands upon his head and wished him God's blessing in his career as a painter.

Benjamin went to Philadelphia to study. He received much kindness from Provost Smith, head of the college there, and soon he was hard at work trying to improve himself. Chiefly through the influence of Dr. Smith, it was made possible for him to go to Rome where so many of the great masterpieces of art are to be seen. After a voyage which filled him with a strange wonder he arrived at Rome in July, 1760, when he was twenty-two years of age. At that time America was little known and the news that a native-born American was in Rome excited a great deal of interest. Scores of people came to see him,

fully expecting to find a redskin. When they did see him they were much surprised for he was fairer than themselves.

What Benjamin saw in the art galleries of Rome opened up a new world to him. He had never realised that such painting was possible. For days he gazed in admiration and awe, but these paintings made him more determined than ever to become a great artist. After three years of study in Rome he went to Florence and many other centres of culture in Italy. Later he visited Paris and then he arrived in London which he made his home.

He was not long in London before his pictures began to attract attention and he came under the notice of King George III. The King was greatly pleased with his work and gave him much work to do. In 1792 he succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the Royal Academy of Arts, a position he held until his death in 1820.

Benjamin West painted a great many pictures some of which are known to all lovers of art. One of his most famous paintings is "The Death of Wolfe." This picture was presented to Canada by the Duke of Westminster in 1918 in recognition of Canada's services to the Empire during the War. An-

other famous West picture is "Christ Healing the Sick." When this great picture was hung in the Royal Academy in London, there was hung, alongside of it, the tiny picture that Benjamin had made in his father's garret with the first box of paints he ever had. The small painting was a landscape scene and as the people gazed upon it they found it very hard to realise that it was the work of an eight-year-old boy, who, until he received the presents from Mr. Pennington, had never even seen a picture. But no one begrudged him his fame. All seemed eager to hail this boy from the wilds of America as one of the most distinguished painters of his time.



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